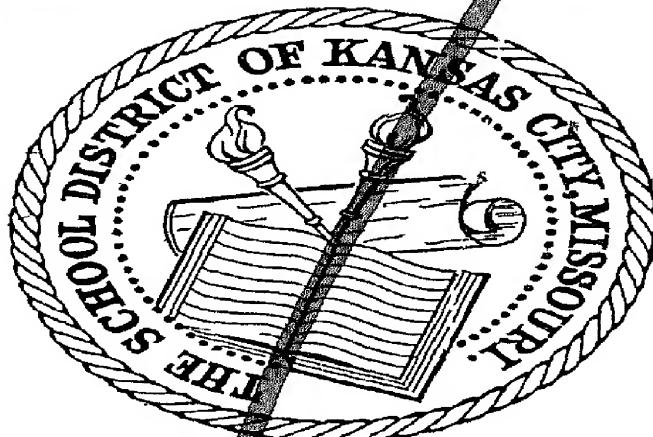


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*KING HENRY V.*

PARALLEL TEXTS OF THE FIRST QUARTO (1600) AND FIRST FOLIO  
(1623) EDITIONS.



# *KING HENRY V.*

PARALLEL TEXTS OF THE FIRST QUARTO (1600) AND  
FIRST FOLIO (1623) EDITIONS.

*With an Introduction and Notes*

EDITED BY

DR B. NICHOLSON.

*With an Introduction*

BY

P. A. DANIEL.

PUBLISHED FOR

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CLAY AND TAYLOR, BUNGAY.

## INTRODUCTION.

IN submitting this work to the members of the New Shakspere Society, it is desirable that I should state how I came to be engaged on it, and for what share in it I am responsible. It was commenced by Dr Brinsley Nicholson, under whose supervision the reprints of the 1st Q° and 1st F° editions of the play were issued to the Society in 1875. The present work was then taken in hand, the texts arranged, and elaborate collations of the several quarto and folio editions made. Proofs of the first few pages were actually prepared by the printer in January 1876, when illness compelled Dr Nicholson to suspend his labours.

In the mean time it will be understood that the type which had been set up for the simple reprints of the texts had still to remain in its form, awaiting re-arrangement for this edition, and was therefore unavailable for the general work of the printing-office.

In November last it became a question, in which both the economy of the Society and the convenience of the printer were concerned, whether the work on which so much loving care and labour had been expended was to be abandoned, or whether it could be carried to completion by another hand. In this emergency, and encouraged thereto by our Director, Mr Furnivall, I volunteered my services.

The whole body of the work and the marginal notings are distinctly the work of Dr Nicholson, but I must add that for any short-comings in them, the responsibility must fall on my shoulders. In his hands the marginal notes would have been very much more minute than they now are.

Unfortunately, although he had accumulated materials, he had not completed their arrangement, and not feeling my ability to carry out his intentions to their full extent, I found myself compelled to sacrifice much that was already prepared. I believe, however, that everything essential to the study of the texts will be found in its place, but should it hereafter appear desirable to give additional fulness to the work, it is to be hoped that Dr Nicholson may himself supplement my deficiencies.

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In this edition the text of the folio is printed, line for line, as in the original. Each page presents half a column of the folio—the number of the page and column being noted within brackets on the left hand of the text, at top. The Acts, Scenes, and lines are also numbered on the left hand.

In the Q° page the Acts, Scenes, and lines are numbered on the right hand of the text. It must be borne in mind that the scenes of the Q° are numbered to correspond with those of the F° thus the Q° not having any scene corresponding with Sc. i of

F° its first scene is numbered II to agree with the F°; and in one place—Act IV Sc iv. & v—for the same reason, the order of the two scenes in the Q° has been reversed

The lines of the Q° text are in the sequence of the original, but the text itself is necessarily much broken up in order to bring its several parts as nearly as possible in apposition with the corresponding passages of the F° text. The end of each page of the Q° is indicated by the printing within brackets of the signatures of the original edition thus at page 14, [20 A 2] signifies that line 20 of the text ends page A 2 of the Q°, and so throughout

In some places the latter half of a line of the Q° text has been dropped in order to make it correspond with the F° thus on page 14, line 6 has been printed,—

*King* Shue we thank you.

And good my Lord proceed

to correspond with lines 10 & 11 of F° text

Again, and for the same reason, two lines of the Q° are printed as one, the division being thus marked ||, as in page 18, lines 67-8,—

Noble Lord stand for your owne, || Vnwinde your bloody flagge

In the 3rd Q°, 1608, many of the lines of Q° 1 were re-arranged by its editor or printer, the Q° 3 arrangement is marked in our text by the usual divisional sign /. Thus, page 24, line 108 becomes two lines in Q° 3 ending *egs, cat*, and line 118 two lines, ending *heaven, functions*. Sometimes in Q° 3 two lines of Q° 1 are printed as one, and in a few places some words were added to the text these cases will be found noted in the margin

Cross references to corresponding passages which it was not possible to place in apposition, are printed within the texts in brackets. Thus, page 36 [lines 83-4 fol] refers the reader to those lines of the same scene in the folio text, page 41, which correspond with lines 16-17 of the Q°

I regret to say that these cross references are not so complete as it was evidently the intention of Dr Nicholson to make them. Finding, in his MS., references of this kind throughout the work, I rashly concluded that all had been noted, and it was not till the whole body of the work had passed through the press, and I was enabled to take a more leisurely and comprehensive view of it for the purpose of this introduction, that I discovered the deficiencies. They are not many, however, and the additional inter-references that might have been given are nearly all within the corresponding scenes of Q° and F°, and frequently within the two opposite pages of our texts. The student will have no difficulty in discovering for himself the separated passages, and for the casual reader who requires to be knowledge-crammed, I confess I have but small sympathy.

With regard to the marginal notings when there can be no doubt as to the word or words of the text to which the marginal variation refers, the text is not quoted in the margin. Thus, page 22, line 81, *ganst* of Q° 3 clearly refers to the *against* of the text. When, however, there is a radical difference in the variation, the text is quoted behind the bracket, thus in line 82 of the same page, *for]* *against* 2. signifies that Q° 2 in place of *for* of the text has *against*. The number of that edition only in which the

variation is found, follows the marginal note. When the marginal variation is found in all editions subsequent to the text, no number follows it thus (same page) line 94, no number following the marginal note *fear'd*, it is understood that the two quartos subsequent to our text agree in this variation.

The same principle which regulates the marginal notings of the Q° text applies also to that of the F°.

The Title-page of Q° 1 is of course given in full, page 2 of our text. The only noticeable variations in the title-pages of the two subsequent quartos are in the imprint.

Q° 2 has,—‘ | London | Printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas | Pauier, and are to be sold at his shop in Cornhill, | at the sign of the Cat and Parrets neare | the Exchange, 1602. | ’

Q° 3 has only,—‘ | Printed for T. P. 1608 | ’

The author's name is not given on any of these title-pages.

The 2nd and 3rd Q°s were both printed from the 1st, their variations from that edition, as Dr Nicholson has remarked in his notice to the reprint of Q° 1, neither aid in determining its character nor in the correction of the folio text.

The Q° text has 1623 lines, printed throughout as verse, but with little regard to the proper division of the verse lines, and of course none at all as regards the prose.

For the F° text I take the lines as metrically numbered in the Globe edition, for the play itself 3256 lines, add for Choruses 223 lines = total 3479 lines. Very nearly one-third of the dialogue, or 1060 lines, is placed in the mouth of King Henry.

The two principal points which this parallel-texts edition may assist in determining are,—

1. The value of the Q° as regards the revision of the text. Three lines from it (ii. 1. 79, iv. 3. 43, & iv. 5. 16) have been received into many modern editions. It enables us also to correct, with something like certainty, a few words in the folio text which had been blundered by the printer, and here and there it affords some support to what, at the best, can only be considered as conjectural emendations of that text. This, I think, is the utmost that can be said for it. It does not, as is the case with other ‘imperfect’ quartos, enable us to restore any passage of importance which there is reason to think may have been accidentally omitted in the folio. In what it does give of the fuller text, its variations are generally for the worse.

2. The question whether the Q° is to be accepted as the author's first sketch of the play, or to be rejected as a mere imperfect and corrupted version of the play as it appears in the folio edition.

This question is of great interest to many students, for its determination in the affirmative would, they believe, afford some reasonable starting-point from which to trace the development of Shakespeare's method of composition from its first conception to its perfect growth.

Some enquiry as to the date of production of the play is here necessary.

In the Chorus at the beginning of Act V the following passage occurs —

‘Were now the geneial of our gracious empress,  
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,

Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,  
How many would the peaceful city quit,  
To welcome him !'

This is universally received as an allusion to the expedition of the Earl of Essex, and if so, must have been written between the date of his departure for Ireland, 15th April, 1599, and his return to London, 28th Sept. in the same year. This being granted, it is scarcely possible to imagine that any portion of the play could have been written after that date. Nor can we suppose that any portion of it was written long before that date. It was certainly written after the second part of *Henry IV*, as the promise of it in the epilogue of that play sufficiently proves —

'If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions,' etc.

The earliest date assigned to this second part of *Henry IV* is 1596, but the latest, 1598, is more probably the right one<sup>1</sup>. Meres, who in his '*Wits Treasury*', 1598, mentions '*Henry the 4.*' is silent as regards *Henry V.*, and it is by no means certain that in his mention of *Henry IV* he included both parts of that play.

On the whole, then, we may reasonably conclude that 1599 is the date to be assigned to *Henry V.*, and that when in 1600 the 1st Quarto edition was published, the whole play, as we now have it in the Folio, was in existence, and had been produced on the stage.

It does not, however, necessarily follow that because the Q° was not printed till 1600, it therefore could not be an earlier version than that of 1599, though in any case its previous existence must have been very brief — few plays got to the press until some time after their presentation on the stage, and it might be fairly argued that the appearance of the 1599 play was the cause of the disinterment and hasty printing of the 'first sketch', that being the only version the unscrupulous stationer could lay his hands on. The internal evidence therefore that the Q° itself affords is all that we have to rely on in forming our judgment as to its character.

Nearly all editors have expressed a more or less definite opinion as to the relation of the two versions of the play to each other, but few have deemed it necessary to adduce other than general arguments in support of their decision — special proof either for or against the 'first sketch' theory seems yet a thing to be desired.

Pope, who in one note instances the Essex allusion as a proof that the play was written in 1599, in another asserts that in the folio the speeches are generally enlarged and raised, and that several whole scenes and all the choruses were added, since the edition of 1608 [Q<sub>3</sub>].

Capell says of the quartos that they 'are all equally defective in a most high degree, and vicious in what they do give us notwithstanding which, great use was to be made of them, and has been, in mending and completing the folio, the basis of the text of this play. The whole play as it lies in that folio, must have been written in the year '99, and in the spring of that year. The reverse of the Earl of Essex's fortunes, upon whom

<sup>1</sup> See Malone *Chronological Order of the plays*, p. 357, Vol. II, Variorum Shakspeare, ed. 1821.

so handsome a compliment is made in the fifth Chorus, follow'd its composition so quickly, a presentation became improper, and the suppression of this Chorus, it is probable drew on that of the others. From this lame representation, in which the play might be otherwise mang'd by the persons presenting it, the quarto of 1600 was certainly pirated, by some scribe of profound ignorance, set to work by the printer.'

Johnson apparently believed the Q° to be a first sketch in a note on Act II sc. ii, he remarks, 'This whole scene was much enlarged and improved after the first edition; and in a note on Act IV sc. vii., he speaks of the play [the folio version] as a 'second draught'

Steevens thought that the difference between the two copies might be accounted for by the elder (the Q°) having been taken down during the representation, or collected from the repetitions of actors the second and more ample edition (the F°) being that which regularly belonged to the play-house

Malone says,—'The fair inference to be drawn from the imperfect and mutilated copies of this play, published in 1600, 1602, and 1608, is, not that the whole play, as we now have it, did not then exist, but that those copies were surreptitious, and that the editor in 1600, not being able to publish the whole, published what he could.' (*Chronological order, etc.*) Elsewhere, in a note on Act IV sc. vii., he says, 'The quarto copy of this play is manifestly an imperfect transcript procured by some fraud, and not a first draught or hasty sketch of Shakspeare's'

Boswell considers that 'the earliest editions are evidently corrupted and imperfect, and bear no marks of being the author's first conceptions'

Other editors speak vaguely of 'additions' in the folio, thereby leaving it to be inferred that in their opinion the Q° represents an earlier and independent version of the play

Knight holds the Q° edition, though surreptitiously obtained, and not printed till after the appearance of the fuller folio version, to be a genuine copy of an earlier and shorter play, written perhaps hastily for a temporary purpose. He considers that the fuller version is manifestly and beyond question, from beginning to end, the result of the author's elaboration of this first sketch, and, in proof of this, in his Introductory Notice, and in his notes to the play, he specially directs attention to the following passages —

Act I sc. ii	Q° ll. 4-20—F° ll. 8-34	} Instances of careful elaboration in folio
	Q° ll. 150-57—F° ll. 223-35	
Act II sc. i	The whole scene exhibits the greatest care in remodelling the text of the quarto	
Act II sc. ii.	F° ll. 105-142 'Treason . . . fall of man' Exhibits the hand of the master elaborating his original sketch	
Act III. sc. ii	The whole scene greatly changed and enlarged Completely remodelled	
Act III. sc. vii	Greatly extended in the folio—greatly improved by the extension	
Act IV. sc. v.	A curious example of the mode in which the text of the folio was expanded and amended	
Act V sc. i.	The whole scene remodelled	

Mr Collier's theory differs somewhat from all others he supposes Shakespeare to have written a first play with the Choruses as we now have them that the Q°, omitting these Choruses, gives but a very imperfect representation of that play and that the enlarged drama as found in the folio was not put into the complete shape in which it has there come down to us, until shortly before 1605, the date when it was played at Court

Note that this date, 1605, is founded on Mr P Cunningham's '*Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels*', page 204—

'On the 7 January was played the play of Henry the fift'

I fear, however, that the Shakespeare entries in Mr Cunningham's '*Extracts*, etc'—which have been declared by Sir T Duffus Hardy, and the best judges in England, to be forgeries—can hardly now be considered a sufficiently solid foundation for any theory

As a specimen of the abridgment and corruption of the Q° Mr Collier cites lines 150-157, Act I sc 11 of Q°,—lines specially relied on by Knight in support of his theory of elaboration—and as an instance of the way in which lines were misheard and mis-reported, he refers to lines 84-5 Q°—142-4 F° of the same scene *England* in the Q° being misreported for *in-land* of F° text

Halliwell regards the quartos as mutilated copies only of Shakespeare's drama, and he considers it in the highest degree improbable that they represent an author's imperfect sketch He thinks it most likely that they were compiled from short-hand notes taken at the theatre

The Cambridge Editors incline 'to agree with Mr Collier and others in the supposition that the Quarto text was "hastily made up from notes taken at the theatre during the performance, subsequently patched together"'

Mr Grant White says of the Q°, 'it is manifest that that edition was published in great haste, from manuscript obtained in the most surreptitious and inefficient manner' Of its text he remarks that it is 'so mutilated, as well as so incomplete, that it is quite impossible to decide by internal evidence whether the manuscript from which it was printed represents, even imperfectly, an early form of the play, or still more imperfectly the completed work as it appears in the folio.'

Without the aid afforded us by comparison with the folio edition, it would, I admit, be a matter of extreme difficulty to determine the position of the Q°, with it, however, a reasonably certain decision may, I think, be arrived at

The opinion I have formed from a careful examination, line for line, of both texts is, that the play of 1599 (the F°) was shortened for stage representation, the abridgment done with little care, and printed in the Q° edition with less probably from an imperfect manuscript surreptitiously obtained and vamped up from notes taken during the performance, as we know was frequently done Indeed it is quite possible that the whole of the quarto edition was obtained in this manner, and the fact that it is printed from beginning to end as verse, would seem to lend some support to this conjecture The fact, also, that the publishers of the Q° were Millington and Busbie, and their successor Pavier, may of itself be taken as evidence that these editions are of doubtful authenticity [See Mr Fleay's Table of Q° editions, pages 44-5, *Trans. N. Sh. Soc.* 1874, Part I]

With regard to the more stately scenes of the play, the chief difference between the F° and Q° versions is, that long passages are not found in the latter, these passages are, in my opinion, in nearly all cases precisely such as would have been cut out for the purpose of a shortened stage representation. The variations between those parts which are common to both editions are, after making allowance for error and corruption in both, but trifling.

The scenes in which the French king and his lords appear, seem, if my theory is correct, especially to have suffered in the abridgment.

The comic scenes are perhaps those on which it is most difficult to form a decided opinion. In so far as they are common to both versions, there are very few speeches in the F° that have not their counterpart in the Q°, but they are strangely disordered and incoherent in that edition. In some places quite perfect, in others they break down into what, on comparison with the F°, would seem to be a mere jumble of disintegrated fragments. There, if anywhere, believers in the 'first sketch' theory might find some ground for their faith, but to me, bearing in mind the general condition of the Q° text, however difficult it may be to prove the point, the most reasonable verdict must be—imperfect representation on the part of Q°, not, after elaboration in F°.

It would be an endless, and I venture to think a needless labour, now that the texts themselves are here in evidence, to attempt to weigh the pros and cons on every point liable to discussion throughout the play, and I shall therefore only adduce two instances in support of my opinion. These being, I think, indisputable, will also, I presume, be considered sufficient, for if in a single case it can be clearly proved, not that the Q° is merely deficient in, but that it actually *omits* any portion of the F° version, judgment may be allowed to pass on other places where the evidence is not of so convincing a character.

And here I must be allowed to observe that the mere fact of the Q° being so much shorter than the F°, is by no means a point in its favour, for we know that from the earliest times down to the present day the constant practice of the stage has been, and is, the shortening of the author's original work.

I must now ask the reader to turn to Act I sc. ii. and compare lines 47—55 of Q° with lines 67—91 of F°.

'Hugh Capet also,'—says the Q°. Why *also*? There is nothing in the Q° to account for this adverb. We turn to the F° and find that it is the case of King Pepin to which the Q° refers, but which it *omits*. But this is not all, in the F° after the case of Hugh Capet, there is next cited the case of King Lewes, who justified his possession of the crown as being descended from

'The daughter to Charles, the *foresaid* Duke of Lorraine.'

The Q°, which also has this line, makes no previous mention of this 'foresaid Duke of Lorraine'. Again here is proof of *omission*. But still this is not all the Q° further by its injudicious *omissions* actually makes Hugh Capet, who deposed and murdered Charles of Lorraine, fortify his title to the throne with the plea that he was descended from the daughter of this very Charles, confounding at the same time this daughter of Charles of Lorraine with the daughter of Charlemaine, and then, rejoining the current

of the F°, with it, it sums up all the three cases of kings who claimed in 'right and title of the female,' of two of which it has no previous mention. I have not overlooked the fact that, in this summing up, the Q° turns *King Lewes* into *King Charles*, but this I look upon as a mere blunder, of no significance either for or against my argument, it might be noticed as an instance of corruption on the part of the Q°, but has nothing to do with the question of *omission* with which I am principally concerned.

The other instance of omission on the part of the Q°, which I shall notice, is that of an entire scene, Act IV sc ii in the French Camp, commencing—'The Sunne doth gild our Armour'—and ending—

‘Come, come away  
The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day’

It will be observed that the Q° side of our book is here an absolute blank from the beginning to the end of the scene. At first sight this absolute blank might seem to have destroyed all evidence, but if we turn back to the *night* scene in the French Camp, Act III sc vii, we shall find that scene in the Q° tagged, most inappropriately, with the couplet quoted above.

Here surely is a case from which we may infer that, at its best, Q° is merely represents a version of the play shortened for the stage. The two scenes in the French Camp were to be cut down to one, and the person who did the job, without perceiving the blunder he was committing, wanting a tag to finish off with, brought in the sun at midnight!

Proof of *omission* is perhaps all that is needed for determining the position of the Q°, but there is one other consideration which, I think, may have some weight in deciding the order of precedence of the Q° or F°.

The play, as is well known, is founded, for its historical part at least, on the *Chronicles*, probably exclusively on Holinshed's compilation. Now in the F° version are certain historical errors not found in the Q° edition. We must therefore either believe that these errors were the result of the elaboration of the 'first sketch' (the Q°), or we must conclude that they were corrected in the 'shortened play' (the Q°). The latter hypothesis seems to me the only tenable one.

This point—a new one I believe, at any rate I am not aware that it has been advanced before—suggested itself to me when making out a table showing the distribution of parts in the two versions. The table will be found at the end of this Introduction. From it it appears that, in so far as they have any share in the dialogue of the play, Ely, Westmoreland, Bedford, Britany, Rambures, Epingham, Grandpre, Macmouis, Jamy, Messenger 1 4, & 1v 2, and the French Queen, disappear from the Q° version, their parts, or what is given of them parts in the text, being distributed among other actors, and themselves, when their presence is required on the stage, represented by mute supernumeraries.

One speech by Ely (F° 1 2 168—174), which the *Chronicles* assign to Westmoreland, is given in the Q° to *Lord*. I believe it was intended in the shortened play to lump it with Exeter's following speech, Westmoreland's part being cut out.

Westmoreland is not mentioned in the *Chronicles* as present at Agincourt—he had

charge to defend England against the inroads of the Scotch,—and he disappears from the Q°. What remains of his part is divided between Warwick and Exeter, and in one place where in the folio he is mentioned in the dialogue (iv 3 21), in the Q° Warwick's name is substituted.

Bedford also was not present at the battle, and though he is once mentioned in the text of the Q° (iv 3 32),—an oversight of the corrector, I suppose,—what remains of his part is taken by Gloucester, with the exception of one speech (iv 3 7—9 Q°), which is given to Clarence.

Clarence is not mentioned in the F° till Act V sc 11, after the King's return to France, but according to the Chronicles he was present at the battle, and he appears in the Q°. I am aware that the Chronicles say he had leave to return to England from Harfleur, but they nevertheless make him present at the battle.

For Britany, Act III sc v F°, the Q° has Bourbon, and I believe all editors from Theobald downwards (including Mr Knight) have accepted this change of personages as a correction.

The most remarkable correction—such I suppose it to be—in the Q°, is the substitution of Bourbon for the Dauphin in Act III sc vii, and Act IV sc. v. The Dauphin was certainly not present at the battle, and even in the F°, Act III sc v, we find that he was to stay with his father at Rouen. On this point Mr Johnes has the following note to his translation of Monstrelet's Chronicle, Cap. cxlvii. 'The name of Sir Guichard Dauphin [See his name in the list of slain, Act IV sc viii l 97] appears to have betrayed Shakespeare into the error of making the Dauphin of France present at the battle of Agincourt, which he was not,—unless we suppose the error to lie with the editors, in confounding two persons meant by Shakespeare to be distinct. In the camp scene before the battle, his Dauphin does not hold such a rank in the debate and conversation as is suitable to the heir of the French Monarchy, but precisely that which the master of the household might hold with propriety. In one scene, he is thus mentioned, "Enter Rambures, Châtillon, Dauphin, and others".'

I have given this note in full because it does not appear to have attracted the attention of any of Shakespeare's editors. Johnes, I presume, quoted the 'Entrance' with which he concludes his note from memory, and is of course wrong, there is none such in either Q° or F°, though it is true that 'Dolphin' is not placed in his due rank in the 'Entrances' to sc vi Act III, and sc. v Act IV. In the entry to sc 11 Act IV—omitted in Q°—he ranks first as 'the Dolphin,' and in these scenes in the F°, though he certainly is addressed with great familiarity, he is yet spoken of as *the* Dolphin, and a prince.

There is one other peculiarity in the Q° which I should here mention—though whether it tells either for or against my notion that this re-distribution of parts in the Q° indicates *correction* of F° errors, I am unable to determine. In these French Camp scenes (iii 6, & iv 5), a personage named *Gebon* is introduced. In the first he has a speech which the F° assigns to Orleans, and in the second an oath which the F° gives to Constable. I cannot find in the Chronicles, in the list of the French Lords present at the battle, any name bearing any resemblance to *Gebon*, possibly it may have been the name of the actor who played one of the personages of these scenes, though

I do not find any name of that kind in the lists of actors of the Shakespearian period

To sum up all, it may then be with confidence asserted—

- 1 That the Q<sup>o</sup> was certainly not printed from an authentic manuscript
- 2 That when it was printed, the fuller version had already been in existence some time
- 3 That in itself it contains evidence of *omission* of passages found in the fuller version
- 4 That this circumstance, and the absence from it of certain historical errors found in the fuller version, are strong presumptive evidence of its later date, and, therefore, that instead of regarding it as the author's first sketch, we can only look on it as an imperfect copy of his work

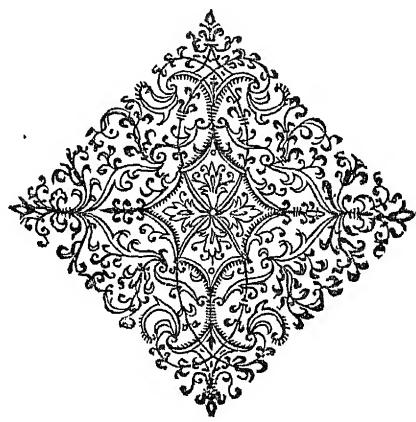
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The following table is made out, not from the 'Entiaances' with which each scene is headed, and which are exceedingly inaccurate and defective in both Q<sup>o</sup> and F<sup>o</sup>, but from the prefixes to the speeches

The order in which the personages are arranged is that of the first scene, either of Q<sup>o</sup> or F<sup>o</sup>, in which they have a speech

The long dash in the dotted line shows the scenes in which they speak in the F<sup>o</sup>, the short dash below the dotted line, the scenes in the Q<sup>o</sup>





ERRATA IN THE REPRINT OF THE QUARTO 1600

I n Enter, etc., *Bishops* should be *Bishops*,  
 I n line 160, *law* should be *lare*  
 II n , , 104, *death*, should be *(death*,

IV vii line 61, *no* should be *not*  
 IV viii , , 85, *Marstie* should be *Marstu*,  
 V ii , , 29, *any* should be *any*

ERRATA IN THE REPRINT OF THE FOLIO 1623

Page 1, *Piol*, line 33, *like* should be *like*,  
 ,, 5, line 97, *I* should be *Is*  
 ,, 15, , , 10, *Coronets* should be *Coronets*,  
 ,, 16, , , 37, *saf* should be *saf*,  
 ,, 23, , , 85, *hers* should be *heere*,  
 ,, 29, , , 24, *us* should be *vs*  
 ,, 30, , , 70, *present* should be *present*  
 ,, 33, , , 17, *follow* should be *follow*  
 ,, 36, , , 23, *Honour* should be *Honor*  
 ,, 36, , , 30, *mans* should be *meanes*  
 ,, 41, , , 42, *auayd* should be *auayd*?  
 ,, 49, , , 108, *winne* should be *winner*.  
 ,, 51, , , 168, *away* should be *away*  
 ,, 51, , , 7, *Lord Con-* should be *Lord*  
     *High Con-*  
 ,, 53, , , 61, *hewe* should be *hauue*  
 ,, 55, , , 125, *hewe* should be *hauue*  
 ,, 55, , , 140, *tellectual* should be *tellectuall*  
 ,, 56, , , 6, *almost* should be *almost*  
 ,, 58, , , 26, *them* should be *them*,

Page 60, line 62, *Pistol* should be *Pistol*  
 ,, 61, , , 85, *Bates* should be *Bats*,  
 ,, 64, , , 202, *between* should be *betweene*  
 ,, 66, , , 278, *Days* should be *Dayes*  
 ,, 67, the numbers of lines 304 and 308 to be  
     raised one line  
 ,, 68, line 13, *tears* should be *teares*  
 ,, 69, , , 52, *Fly* should be *Fyfe*  
 ,, 69, , , 55, *shewes* should be *shewes*  
 ,, 81, , , 79, *majfers* should be *masters*,  
 ,, 90, , , 41, *agarn* should be *againe*  
 ,, 93, , , 73, *native* should be *nature*  
 ,, 93, , , 9, *face* should be *face*,  
 ,, 95, , , 54, *Hedges* should be *Hedges*,  
 ,, 98, , , 145, *protestation* should be *pro*  
     *testation*,  
 ,, 99, , , 175, *of it* should be *of it*,  
 ,, 100, , , 236, *hand* should be *Hand*  
 ,, 105, , , 372, *Leagues*, should be *Leagues*



*KING HENRY V.*

Parallel Texts of the First Quarto and First Folio  
Editions, (Q1) 1600, (F1) 1623,

ARRANGED SO AS TO SHEW THEIR DIFFERENCES,

AND WITH

COLLATIONS OF THE OTHER QUARTOS AND FOLIOS

EDITED BY

DR. B. NICHOLSON.

# THE CRONICLE

## History of Henry the fift,

With his battell fought at *Agm Court* in  
*France.* Togither with *Auntient*  
*Pistoll.*

*As it hath bene fundy times playd by the Right honorable  
the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.*



L O N D O N

Printed by *Thomas Creede*, for Tho. Milling-  
ton, and Iohn Busby. And are to be  
sold at his house in Carter Lane, next  
the Powle head. 1600.

Mr. WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARES  
HISTOR[Y  
of  
*The Life of Henry the Fift.]*

Published according to the True Originall Cop[y]

LONDON  
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.



[p 69]

# The Life of Henry the Fift.

Fifth 3, 4

## Enter Prologue

[COL 1] *O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend  
The bightest Heauen of Inuention  
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,  
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene  
Then shold the Warlike Hauy, like himselfe,  
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles  
(Leaft in, like Hounds) shold Fanuine, Sward, and Fine  
Cruch for employmēt But pardon, Gentles all  
The flat unregyd Spirits, that hath dar'd,  
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth  
So great an Object Can this Cock-Pit hold  
The wafte fields of France? O! may we cramme  
Within this Wooden O, the very Caskes  
That did affright the Aye at Agincourt?  
O pow don sin'e a crooked Figure may  
Atteft in little place a Million,  
And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt,  
On your imaginarie For ces won'ke  
Suppose within the Gudle of these Walls  
Are now confi'd two myghtie Monarches,  
Whose high, up-reared, and abutting Fronts,  
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder  
Peece out our imperfectiones with your thoughts.  
Into a thou'and parts diuide one Man,  
And make imaginarie Puissance  
Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them,  
Printing their proud Hoofes i'th receiving Earth  
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,  
Carry them here and there Jumping o're Times,  
Turning th' accomplishment of many yeeres  
Into an Horre-glaſe for the which supple,  
Admit me Chorus to this Hystoie,  
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,  
Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play*

[COL 2] *6 his] is 4  
8 ] all, 4  
9 ] Spirit, 4  
12 ] peld  
13 ] Casket 3, 4  
20 ] Monarchs 2 -ches 3, 4  
21 ] up-rear'd 3, 4  
25 ] Puissance 2.*

Exit



[p 69]

## [The Life of Henry the Fift.]

*Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.*

COL I]

*Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely*

two] om. 3, 4

*Bish. Cant*

Y Lord, Ile tell you, that selfe Bill is vrg'd,  
 Which in th'eleuēth yere of þ last Kings reign  
 Was like, and had indeed against vs past,  
 4 But that the scambling and vnguent time  
 Did push it out of farther question.

*Bish. Ely.* But how my Lord shall we refist it now?

*Bish. Cant.* It must be thought on if it passe against vs,  
 8 We loose the better halfe of our Possession  
 For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout  
 By Testament haue gauen to the Church,  
 Would they strip from vs, being valud thus,  
 12 As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,  
 Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,  
 Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires

8] *lose*  
*halfe] part*



69] And to relieve of Lazars, and weake age  
 L 1] Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle,  
 16] A hundred Almes-houfes, right well supply'd  
 And to the Coffers of the King beside,  
 A thousand pounds by th'yeere Thus runs the Bill  
 20] *Byh Ely* This would drinke deepe  
*Byh Cant* 'Twould drinke the Cup and all  
*Byh Ely* But what preuention?  
 L 2] *Byh Cant* The King is full of grace, and faire regard  
 24] *Byh Ely* And a true louer of the holy Church.  
*Byh Cant* The courses of his youth promis'd it not  
 The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,  
 But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,  
 28] Seem'd to dye too yea, at that very moment,  
 Consideration like an Angell came,  
 And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him,  
 Leauing his body as a Paradise,  
 32] T'muelop and containe Celestiall Spirits  
 Never was such a sodaine Scholler made  
 Never came Reformation in a Flood,  
 With such a heady currance scowring faults.  
 36] Nor never *Hudia*-headed Wilfulnesse  
 So foone did loose his Seat, and all at once,  
 As in this King  
*Byh Ely* We are blessed in the Change  
 40] *Byh Cant* Heare him but reaon in Diuinitie,  
 And all-admiring, with an inward wish  
 You would desire the King were made a Prelate  
 Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires,  
 44] You would say, it hath been all in all his study  
 Lift his discoufe of Warie, and you shall heare  
 A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Musique.

19] *bound* 3, 435] *current* 2, 3 *ant* 437] *lose*



70] L 1 Turne him to any Cause of Policy,  
48 The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloose,  
Familiar as his Garter that when he speakes,  
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is full,  
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,  
52 To steale his sweet and honeyed Sentences  
So that the Art and Practique part of Life,  
Must be the Mistresse to this Theoriue  
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,  
56 Since his addiction was to Courses vaine,  
His Compaines vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,  
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports,  
And neuer noted in him any studie,  
60 Any retyrement, any sequestration,  
From open Haunts and Populauitie  
    *B. Ely* The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,  
    And holefome Berryes thrue and ripen beft,  
64 Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie  
    And so the Prince obfcur'd his Contemplation  
    Vnder the Veyle of Wildneffe, which (no doubt)  
    Grew like the Summer Graffe, fastest by Night,  
68 Vnfeene, yet cressiue in his facultie.  
    *B. Cant.* It must be fo, for Miracles are ceaft  
    And therefore we muft needes admit the meanes,  
    How things are perfefted.  
72      *B. Ely* But my good Lord.  
    How now for mittigation of this Bill,  
    Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiefie  
    Incline to it, or no?  
76      *B. Cant.* He feemeſ indifferent:  
    Or rather ſwaying more vpon our part,  
    Then cheriſhing th'exhibitors againſt vs  
    For I haue made an offer to his Maiefie,

54 *this*] his 3. 458] *increſe* 478] *Than* 4 [and so  
throughout]

The Chronicle Historie  
of *Henry the fift*: with his battel fought  
at *Agin Court* in *France*. Togither with  
*Auncient Pistoll*

*Enter King Henry, Exeter, 2. Byshops, Clarence, and other  
Attendants*

*Exeter*

1] 11r

**S**hall I call in Thambaffadois my Liege ?  
*King* Not yet my Coufin, til we be resolute  
Of some serious matters touching vs and *France*.

70] *Vpon our Spirituall Convocation,*  
 And in regard of Causes now in hand,  
 Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,  
 As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,  
 84 Then euer at one time the Clergie yet  
 Did to his Predecessors part withall.

*B Ely* How did this offer seeme receiu'd, my Lord?

*B Cant.* With good acceptance of his Maiesie

88 Saeue that there was not time enough to heare,  
 As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,  
 The feueralls and vnhidden passages  
 Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,  
 92 And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,  
 Deriu'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather

*B Ely* What was th'impediment that broke this off?

*B Cant* The French Embassador vpon that instant

96 Crau'd audience, and the howre I thinke is come,  
 To giue him hearing Is it foure a Clock?

*B Ely* It is

*B Cant* Then goe we in, to know his Embassie  
 100 Which I could with a ready gueffe declare,  
 Before the Frenchman speake a word of it

*B Ely* Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

*Exeunt*

*Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence,  
 Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter*

*King* Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

*Exeter*. Not here in presence.

*King* Send for him, good Vnkle

*Wessex* Shall we call in th'Embassador, my Liege?

*King* Not yet, my Cousin we would be resolu'd,  
 Before we heare him, of some things of weight,  
 That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

101] *speakes 2 -Ls 3, 4*

4] *the 4*

*B.* God and his Angels guard your sacred throne,  
And make you long become it.

6] *Sure 3**King.* Shure we thank you.

And good my Lord proceed

8] *in vs 3*

Why the Lawe *Saliche* which they haue in *France*,  
Or shold or shold not, stop vs in our clayme  
And God forbid my wife and leained Lord,  
That you shold fashion, frame, or wref the same

For God doth know how many now in health,  
Shall drop their blood in approbation,  
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs too  
Therefore take heed how you impawne our person,  
How you awake the sleeping sword of warre  
We charge you in the name of God take heed

21] *Bifh* Catch-word in  
i, but om before speech  
Inserted 2, 3

After this coniuration, speake my Lord  
And we will rudge, note, and beleue in heart,  
That what you speake, is washt as pure  
As sin in baptisme. [20. A 2] [Bifh]  
Then heare me gracious soueraigne, and you peers,  
Which owe your liues, your faith and seruices  
To this imperiall thone.  
There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to *France*

o]

2]

*Enter two Bishops.*

8 *B Cant* God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,  
And make you long become it.

8 *you*] *you 2*

King Sure we thanke you  
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,  
12 And iustly and religiouly vnfold,  
Why the Law *Salike*, that they haue in France,  
Or shoud or shoud not barre vs in our Clayme  
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,  
16 That you shoud fashion, wret, or bow your reading,  
Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,  
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right  
Sutes not in natvie colouris with the truth  
20 For God doth know, how many now in health,  
Shall drop their blood, in approbation  
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to  
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,  
24 How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre,  
We charge you in the Name of God take heed  
For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,  
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops  
28 Aie euerie one, a Woe, a foie Complaint,  
32 'Gainst him, whose w'ongs giues edge vnto the Swords,  
That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie.  
Vnder this Coniunction, speake my Lord  
For we will heare, note, and beleue in heart,  
That what you speake, is in your Conscience wafht,  
As pure as finne with Baptisme

*B Can* Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,  
That owe your selues, your liuys, and seruices,  
To this Imperiall Throne There is no baire  
To make agaist your Highnesse Clayme to Fiance,

27] *guillesse 2*29] *w'ong*

39] *(as I haue said before)* 340] *call'd* 346] *suppos'd* 3

But one, which they produce from *Faramount*,

No female shall succeed in *salicke land*,  
 Which *salicke land* the French vniustly gloze  
 To be the realme of *France* 28  
 And *Faramont* the founder of this law and female baire  
 Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme  
 That the land *salicke* lyes in *Germany*,  
 Betweene the floods of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*, 32  
 Where *Charles* the fift haung subdude the *Saxons*  
 There left behind, and setled certaine *French*,  
 Who holding in disdaine the *Germane* women,  
 For some dishonest maners of then hies, 36  
 Establisht there this lawe To wit,  
 No female shall succeed in *salicke land*  
 Which *salicke land* as I said before,  
 Is at this time in *Germany* called *Mesene* 40  
 Thus doth it well appeare the *salicke lawe*  
 Was not devised for the realme of *France*,  
 Nor did the *French* posseſſe the *salicke land*,  
 Vntill 400 one and twentie yeaies 44  
 After the funtion of king *Faramont*,  
 Godly supposed the founder of this lawe

*Hugh Capet* also that vſurpt the crowne,

70] But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,  
In terram *Salicam* Mulieres ne succedaui,  
40] No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land  
Which *Salike* Land, the French vniustly gloze  
To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*  
44 The founder of this Law, and Female Baue  
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,  
That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,  
Betweene the Flouds of *Sala* and of *Elue*  
48 Where *Charles* the Great haungi subdu'd the Saxons,  
There left behind and settled certaine French  
Who holding in disdaine the German Women,  
For some dishonest manners of their lfe,  
52 Establishit then this Law, to wit, No Female  
Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land  
Which *Salike* (as I saud) 'twixt *Elue* and *Sala*,  
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meisen*  
56 Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law  
Was not deuised for the Realme of France  
Nor did the French posseffe the *Salike* Land,  
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres  
60 After defunction of King *Pharamond*,  
Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,  
Who died within the yeeore of our Redemption,  
Foure hundred twentie fix and *Charles* the Great  
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French  
4 Beyond the Riuell *Sala*, in the yeeore  
Eight hundred ffeue Befides, their *Wuiteis* say,  
King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerike*,  
8 Did as Heue Generall, being descended  
Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,  
S Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of Fiance  
L *Hugh Capet* also, who vsurpt the Crowne

49] *nought*, 3  
50] *Conuaid* 2

To fine his title with some shewe of truth,  
When in pure truth it was corrupt and naught  
Conuaid himselfe as heue to the *Lady Inger*,

48

Daughter to *Charles*, the foresaid Duke of *Loram*,

60] *embrace* 3

So that as cleare as is the sommers Sun,  
King *Pippins* title and *Hugh Capet* claime,  
King *Charles* his satisfacion all appeare,  
To hold in right and title of the female  
So do the Lords of *France* vntil this day,  
Howbeit they would hold vp this falick lawe [57. A 2. v.]  
To bar your highnesse claiming from the female,  
And rather choose to hide them in a net,

Then amply to imbrace then crooked cautes,  
Vsurpt from you and your progenitors (claime)

*K* May we with right & confidence make this

*Bi* The fin vpon my head dread soueraigne

64] *it is* 3.

For in the booke of Numbers is it witt,  
When the sonne dies, let the inheritance  
Descend vnto the daughter  
Noble Lord stand for your owne, || Vnwinde your bloody flagge,

52

6

71] Of *Charles* the Duke of Lorraine, sole Heire male  
 Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great  
 To find his Title with some shewes of trūth,  
 Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,  
 Conueyd himselfe as th' Heire to th' Lady *Langare*,  
 Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne  
 To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne  
 Of *Charles* the Great also King *Lewes* the Tenth,  
 76 Who was sole Heire to the Vfurper *Capet*,  
 Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,  
 Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till fatisched,  
 That faire Queene *Isabel*, his Grandmother,  
 80 Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,  
 Daughter to *Charles* the forefaid Duke of Lorraine  
 By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great  
 Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France.

84] 84] *Ermengare*  
 85] *faresaid* 2  
 88 So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,  
 King *Pepins* Title, and Hugh *Capets* Clayme,  
 King *Lewes* his fatisfaction, all appeare  
 To hold in Right and Title of the Female

92] 92 *vnto*] upon  
 96] *umbas* 3, 4  
 6 So doe the Kings of France vnto this day  
 Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,  
 To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,  
 And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,  
 Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,  
 Vfurpt from you and your Progenitors

*King* May I with right and conscience make this claim?  
*Byh Cant* The finne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne

For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,  
 When the man dyes, let the Inheritance  
 Descend vnto the Daughter Gracious Lord,  
 Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,  
 Looke back into your mightie Ancestors

100] *it is* 3, 4

69] *grandsires* 3.

Go my dread Lord to your great graunsirs graue,  
From whom you clayme  
And your great Vnkle *Edward* the blacke Prince,  
Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy

72

74] *Whilst* 3

Making defeat on the full powe of *France*,  
Whilst his most mighty fath̄er on a hill,  
Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelpe,

76

76] *the blood* 3

Foraging blood of French Nobilitie  
O Noble English that could enteitaine  
With halfe their Forces the full powe of *France*  
And let an other halfe stand laughing by,  
All out of woike, and cold for action

80

111

Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfires Tombe,  
 From whom you clayme, inuoke his Warlike Spirit,  
 And your Great Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,  
 Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,  
 Making defeat on the full Power of France  
 Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill  
 Stood smilng, to behold his Lyons Whelpe  
 Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie  
 O Noble English, that could entertaine  
 With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,  
 And let another halfe stand laughing by,  
 All out of worke, and cold for action

107 ] *Vnckle*, 3, 4

108

*Byh* Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,  
 And with your puissant Arme ienew their Feats,  
 You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne  
 The Blood and Courage that renowned them,  
 Runs in your Veines and my thrice-puissant Liege  
 Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,  
 Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises

116 *All*] *And* 3, 4117 ] *Bish Ely* 3, 4

112

*Exe* Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth  
 Doe all expe&t, that you should row fe your selfe,  
 As did the former Lyons of your Blood (might,  
*Weſt* They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and  
 So hath your Highteſſe neuer King of England  
 Had Nobles iicher, and moie loyall Subiects,  
 Whose hearts haue left their bodyes here in England,  
 And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France

131 ] *field*

124

*Byh Can* O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege  
 With Bloods, and Swoid and Fue, to win your Right  
 In ayde wherof, we of the Spiritualtie

133 ] *Blood* 3, 4

128

Will rayfe your Highteſſe fuch a mightie Summe,  
 As neuer did the Clergie at one time  
 Bring in to any of your Ancestors

134 ] *Spiritualtie* 3, 4

36

81] *ga*inst 382 *for*] *against* 2.

*King* We must not onely arme vs against the French,  
 But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,  
 Who will make rode vpon vs

with all aduantages

*Bi* The Marches gracious soueraigne, 84

shalbe sufficient

To guard your *England* from the pilfering borderers

*King* We do not meane the coursing sneakers onely,  
 But feare the mayne entendement of the Scot,

For you shall read, neuer my great grandfather  
 Vnmaskt his power for *France*,  
 But that the Scot on his vniuernit Kingdome,  
 Came pouring like the Tide into a breach,

88

94] *fear'd*

That *England* being empty of defences,  
 Hath shooke and trembled at the brute hereof

*Bi* She hath bin then more feared then hurt my Lord  
 For heare her but exemplified by her selfe, [94. A 3]  
 When all her chualty hath bene in *France*  
 And she a mourning widow of her Nobles,  
 She hath her selfe not only well defended,  
 But taken and impounded as a stray, the king of Scots,  
 Whom like a caytife she did leade to *France*,

92

96

100

Filling your Chronicles as rich with praise  
 As is the owfe and bottome of the sea  
 With funken wrack and shipleffe treasure

*Lord.* There is a saying very old and true,  
 If you will *France* win, || Then with *Scotland* first begin  
 For once the Eagle, England being in pray,

6

104

105-6

71  
L 2]

*King* We must not onely arme t'muade the French,  
But lay downe our proportion, to defend  
140 Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,  
With all aduantages

*Byh Can* They of those Marches, gracious Soueraign,  
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend  
144 Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers

*King* We do not meane the coursing snatchers onely,  
But feare the mane intendment of the Scot,  
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs,  
148 For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather  
Neuer went with his forces into France,  
But that the Scot, on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,  
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,

152 With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,  
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Affayes,  
Girding with grieuous siege, Castles and Townes  
That England being emptie of defence,  
Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

*B Can* She hath bin thē more fear'd thē harm'd, my Liege  
For heare her but exempl'd by her selfe,  
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,  
160 And shee a mourning Widdow of hei Nobles,  
Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,  
But taken and impounded as a Stray,

The King of Scots whom shee did send to France,  
To fill King Edwards fame with prisoner Kings,  
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayse,  
As is the Owse and bottome of the Sea  
With funken Wrack, and sum-lesse Treasuries

*Byh Ely* But there's a saying very old and true,  
*If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin*  
168 For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,

151 *thu] a 3, 4*169] *begin*

P 71]  
OL 2]

*King* We must not onely arme t'muade the French  
But lay downe our proportiones, to defend  
Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,  
With all aduantages

*Byth Can* They of those Marches, gracious Soueraign,  
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend  
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers

*King* We do not meane the couising snatchers, onelv,  
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,  
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs

148  
For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather  
Neuer went with his forces into France,  
But that the Scot, on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,

Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,  
With ample and boun fulnesse of his force,  
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Aßayes,  
Girding with gneuous siege, Castles and Townes  
That England being emptie of defence,  
156  
Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhoud

*B Can* She hath bin thē more fea'd thē hain'd, my Liege  
For heire her but exempl'd by hei selfe,  
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,

160  
And shee a mourning Widdow of hei Nobles,  
Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,  
But taken and impounded as a Stray,

The King of Scots whom shee did tend to France,  
164  
To fill King *Edwards* fame with prisoner Kings,  
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayse,  
As is the Owse and bottome of the Sea  
With funken Wrack, and sum-lesse Treasures

*Byth Ely* But there's a saying very old and true,  
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin  
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,

151 *the*] a 3, 4

169 ] begin

108] *vnfurnisht*

To his vnfurnish nest the weazel Scot  
 Would fuck her egs, /  
 playing the mouse in absence of the  
 To spoyle and hauock more then she can eat (cat /  
*Exe* It followes then, the cat must stay at home,  
 Yet that is but a curst neceffitie,

108

112

Since we haue trappes to catch the petty theeuers  
 Whilste that the armed hand doth fight abroad  
 The aduised head controllles at home  
 For gouernment though high or lowe,

116 *into] in 3*

being put into parts,  
 Congrueth with a mutuall consent  
 like musick  
*Bi* True therefore doth heauen / diuide the fate of man  
 in diuers functions /

116

120

Whereto is added as an ayme or but, obedience  
 For so liue the honey Bee,

creatures that by awe

Ordaine an act of order to a peopled Kingdome  
 They haue a King and officers of iort,

Where some like Magistrates correct at home  
 Otheris like Marchants venture trade abroad

Otheris like fouldiers armed in then flings,  
 Make boote vpon the sommers velvet bud

Whiche pillage they with mery march bring home  
 To the tent roiall of their Emperor,

Who busied in his maiestie, behold

The finging matons building rooses of gold [130 A 3 v]  
 The ciuell citizens lading vp the honey,

124

128

127] *mercy 2*128] *tent-royal 3*

171] To her vnguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot)  
 172] Comes sneaking, and so fucks her Princely Egges,  
 Playing the Moute in absence of the Cat,  
 To tame and hauocke more then she can eate  
*Eret* It followes theu, the Cat must stay at home,  
 176 Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,  
 Since we haue lockes to safegard necessaries,  
 And pretty traps to catch the petty theeues  
 While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,  
 180 Th'advised head defends it selfe at home.  
 For Gouernment, though high, and low, and lower,  
 Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,  
 Congreeing in a full and natural cloſe,  
 184 Like Musick  
*Cant* Therefore doth heauen diuide  
 The ſtate of man in diuers functions,  
 Setting endeavour in continual motion  
 188 To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,  
 Obedience for fo worke the Hony Bees,  
 Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach  
 The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome  
 192 They haue a King, and Officers of forts,  
 Where ſome like Magiftrates correſt at home  
 Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad.  
 Others, like Souldiers armed in their ſtings,  
 196 Make boote vpon the Summers Velvet buddes  
 Which pillage, they with merry march bring home  
 To the Tent-royal of their Emperor  
 Who buried in his Maiefties furueyes  
 200 The ſinging Mafons building roofes of Gold,  
 The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony,  
 The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in  
 Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate

174 *can*] *can* 2175 *then*] *then*183] *close* 2194] *venture*197] *marich* 2, 3200] *Mafon*

132] *sad-ey'd* 3

The sad eyde Iustice with his furly humme,  
 Deluering vp to executors pale,  
 the lazy caning Drone  
 This I infer, that 20 actions once a foote,  
 May all end in one moment  
 As many Arrowes losed feuerall wayes, flye to one marke

132*L*

136

138] *selfe-sea* 3

As many feuerall wayes meeete in one towne  
 As many fresh stremes run in one selfe sea  
 As many lines close in the dyall center  
 So may a thouſaud actions once a foote,  
 End in one moment, and be all well boine without defect  
 Therefore my Liege to *France*,  
 Diuide your happy England into fourie,  
 Of which take you one quarter into *France*,  
 And you withall, ſhall make all *Galha* ſhake  
 If we with thrice that power lett at home,  
 Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,  
 Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth loſe  
 The name of policy and hardinesſe

140

144

148

*K.* Call in the meſſenger ſent from the Dolphin,

And by your ayde, the noble finewes of our land,  
*France* being ours, weele bring it to our awe,  
 Or breake it all in peeces

152

155-6] One line in 3.

Eyther our Chronicles ſhal with full mouth ſpeak  
 Freely of our acts,  
 Or elſe like toongleſſe mutes  
 Not worſhipt with a paper Epitaph

156

*Th' 2 the* 3

*Enter Thambraydors from France.*

12] The fad-ey'd Iustice with his iurly humme,  
 11. 1] Deluering ore to Executors pale  
 , The lazie yawning Drone I this inferre,  
 - That many things hauing full reference  
 208 To one consent, may worke contrariously,  
 As many Arrowes loosed feuerall wayes  
 Come to one marke. as many wayes meet in one towne,  
 As many fresh stremes meet in one salt sea,  
 212 As many Lynes close in the Dials center  
 So may a thousand actions once a foote,  
 And in one purpose, and be all well boine  
 Without defeat Therefore to Fiance, my Liege,  
 216 Diuide your happy England into fourie,  
 Whereof, take you one quarter into Fiance,  
 And you withall shall make all Gallia thake  
 If we with thrice such powers left at home,  
 220 Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,  
 Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose  
 The name of hardineſſe and policie  
 King Call in the Meffengers ſent from the Dolphin  
 224 Now are we well resolu'd, and by Gods helpe  
 And yours, the noble finewes of our power,  
 France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,  
 Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l fit,  
 228 (Ruling in large and ample Emperie,  
 Ore Fiance, and all hei (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)  
 Or lay theſe bones in an vnworthy Vrne,  
 Tombleſſe, with no remembrance ouer them  
 232 Either our History ſhall with full mouth  
 Speake freely of our Acts, or elſe our graue  
 Like Turkish mute, ſhall haue a tongueleſſe mouth,  
 Not worſhipt with a waven Epitaph

224 *well all 3, 4*

*Enter Ambaffadors of France*

158.] *prepare 3.*

Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleasure,  
For we heare your comming is from him.

*Ambassa.* Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue vs leaue  
Freely to render what we haue in charge:  
Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off,  
The Dolphins pleasure and our Embassage?

*King.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian King,  
To whom our spirit is as subiect,  
As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.  
Therefore freely and with vncurbed boldnesse  
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

*Ambaf.* Then this in fine the Dolphin faith,

Whereas you clayme certaine Townes in *France*,  
From your predecessor king *Edward* the third,  
This he returns.

He faith, theres nought in *France* /

that can be with a nimble  
Galliard wonne : / you cannot reuel into Dukedomes there : /  
Therefore he sendeth meeter for your study,  
This tunne of treasure : and in lieu of this,  
Desires to let the Dukedomes that you craue  
Heare no more from you : This the Dolphin faith.

*King.* What treaure Vnkle ?

*Ere.* Tennis balles my Liege.

*King.* We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,  
Your meffage and his present we accept :  
When we haue matched our rackets to these balles,  
We will by Gods grace play such a fet,  
Shall strike his fathers crowne into the hazard.  
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,

184.] *play him such 3.*

[166. A 4]

72] Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure  
 L. I.] Of our faire Cosin Dolphin for we heare,  
 Your greeting is from him, not from the King  
 Amb May't please your Maiestie to gue vs leaue  
 208 Freely to render what we haue in charge  
 Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off  
 The Dolphins meaung, and our Embasie

King We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,  
 244 Vnto whose grace our passion is as subiect  
 As is our wretches fettred in ouir prisons,  
 Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainnesse,  
 Tell vs the *Dolphin* minde.

248 Amb Thus than in few  
 Your Highnesse lately fending into France,  
 Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right  
 Of your great Predecessor, King *Edward* the third  
 252 In answier of which claime, the Prince our Master  
 Sayes, that you fauour too much of your youth,  
 And bids you be aduis'd There s nougnt in France,  
 That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne  
 256 You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there  
 He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit  
 This Tun of Treasure, and in lieu of this,  
 Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime  
 260 Heare no more of you This the *Dolphin* speakes

King What Treasure Uncle?

Ere Tennis balles, my Liege

264 Kin, We are glad the *Dolphin* is so pleasant with vs,  
 His Present, and your paines we thanke you for  
 When we haue matcht our Rackets to these Balles,  
 We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,  
 Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard  
 268 Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,

242] meaning

	That all the Courts of <i>France</i> shall be disturbd with chases. And we vnderstand him well, how he comes ore vs With our wilder dayes, / not meauuring what vse we made of them /	188
190] <i>valuer'd</i> 3	We neuer valued this poore feate of England And therefore gaue our selues to barbarous licence As tis common feene / that men are meauiest when they are from home /	192
195] <i>in the thron</i> 3	But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our stafe, Be like a King, mightie and commaund, When we do rowse vs in thron of <i>France</i> For this haue we laid by our Maiestie	196
196] <i>we haue</i> 3	And plodded lide a man for working dayes But we will rise there with so full of glori, That we will dazell all the eyes of <i>France</i> ,	
197 <i>lide</i> ] <i>like</i>	I strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs, / (stones, / And tell him this, / his mock hath turnd his baines to gun	200
198 <i>with</i> ] <i>om</i> 2. <i>therewith</i> 3	[201 A 4 v] And his soule shall sit sore charged for the waftfull / (vengeance That shall flye from them / For this his mocke / Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mocke Castles downe, I some are yet vngotten and vnboorne, That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne. But this lyes all within the will of God, / to whom we doo	204
	(appeale, And in whose name / tel you the Dolphin we are cōming on / To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand In a rightfull cause so get you hence, and tell your Prince, His Iest will fauour but of shallow wit, When thousands weepe, more then did laugh at it. Conuey them with safe conduct see them hence.	208
211 <i>rightfull</i> ] <i>right</i> 3		212

172] That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd  
 2] With Chaces And we vnderstand him well,  
 How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,  
 272 Not measuring what vs we made of them  
 We neuer valew'd this poore feate of England,  
 And therefore husing hence, did giue our selfe  
 To barbarous license As tis euer common,  
 276 That men are merriest, when they are from home  
 But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keepe my State,  
 Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatenesse,  
 When I do rowse me in my Throne of France  
 280 For that I haue layd by my Maiestie,  
 And plodded like a man for working dayes  
 But I will rise there with so full a glorie,  
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,  
 284 Yea strike the *Dolphin* blinde to looke on vs,  
 And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his  
 Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-stones, and his soule  
 Shall stand sore charged, for the wastefull vengeance  
 288 That shall flye with them for many a thousand widows  
 Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer hnsbands,  
 Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe  
 And some are yet vngotten and vnborne,  
 292 That shal haue cause to curse the *Dolphin* scorne.  
 But this lyes all within the wil of God,  
 To whom I do appeale, and in whose name  
 Tel you the *Dolphin*, I am comming on,  
 296 To venge me as I may, and to put forth  
 My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause  
 So get you hence in peace And tell the *Dolphin*,  
 His Iest will fauour but of shallow wit,  
 300 When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it  
 Conuey them with safe conduct Fare you well  
 Exeunt Amlaffadors.

275 *As] And 3, 4  
euer] om 3, 4*

291 *yef] ut 2, 3*

301 *you] ye 3, 4*

*Exe* This was a merry mesage

*King* We hope to make the fender blush at it

216

Therefore let our collectiō for the wars be soone prouided

For God before, weell check the Dolphin at his fathers /  
(doore

Therefore let eueiy man now taske his thought, /  
That this faire action may on foote be brought

220

*Exeunt omnes.*

[P 72]  
[COL 2]*Ere* This was a merry Message

King We hope to make the Sender blush at it  
 304 Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,  
 That may gue furth'ranc to our Expedition  
 For we haue now no thought in vs but France,  
 Saue thofe to God, that runne before our busynesse  
 308 Therefore let our proportions for these Warres  
 Be foone collected, and all things thought vpon,  
 That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde  
 More Feathers to our Wings for God before,  
 312 Wee'le chide this *Dolphin* at his fathers doore  
 Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,  
 That this faire Action may on foot be brought

*Exeunt.*

[II]

*Flourish Enter Chorus*

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,  
 And filken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes  
 Now thrue the Armorers, and Honors thought  
 4 Reignes solely in the breast of euery man  
 They sell the Pafture now, to buy the Horse,  
 Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,  
 With winged heeles, as English *Mercures*  
 8 For now fits Expectation in the Ayre,  
 And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,  
 With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,  
 Promis'd to *Hany*, and his followers  
 12 The French aduis'd by good intelligence  
 Of this most dreadfull preparation,  
 Shake in their feare, and with pale Policy  
 Seeke to diuert the English purposes.  
 16 O England Modell to thy inward Greatnesse,  
 Like little Body with a mightie Heart

3] *Honour's 3, 4*

What

1] *God morrow 2, Good  
morrow 3*  
2] *Good morrow 3*

*Enter Nim and Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* Godmorrow Corporall *Nim.*

*Nim* Godmorrow Lieftenant *Bardolfe.*

*Bar* What is antient *Pistol* and thee friends yet?

*Nim* I cannot tell, things must be as they may  
I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron

[II i]

[1073]  
[.1.]

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,  
Were all thy children kinde and naturall  
25 But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,  
A nest of hollow bofomes, which he filleſ  
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men  
One, *Ruſhard Earle of Cambridge*, and the ſecond  
24 *Henry Lord Scroope of Majham*, and the third  
Sir *Thomas Grey* Knight of Northumberland,  
Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)  
Confirm'd Conſpiracy wth fearefull France,  
28 And by their hands, this grace of Kings muſt dye  
If Hell and Treafon hold their promiſes,  
Ere he take ſhip for France, and in Southampton  
Linger your patiencē on, and wee'l diſteſt  
32 Th'abuſe of diſtance, force a play  
The ſumme is payde, the Traitors are agreed,  
The King is fet from London, and the Scene  
Is now tranſported (Gentles) to Southampton,  
36 There is the Play-houſe now, there muſt you fit,  
And thence to France ſhall we conuey you ſafe,  
And bring you backe Charming the narrow ſeas  
To giue you gentle Paffe for if we may,  
40 We'e'l not offend one ſtomacke with our Play.  
But till the King come forth, and not till then,  
Vnto Southampton do we ſhift our Scene

*Exit*25] *Gray* 3, 428] *dye*,30] *-to.t*, 431] *w'e'l* 3, 434 *from*] *for* 3, 4

[1111]

*Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.*

*Bar* Well met Corporall *Nym*  
*Nym* Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe*  
*Bar* What, are Ancient *Pistol* and you friends yet?  
4 *Nym* For my part, I care not I fay little but when  
time ſhall ferue, there ſhall be ſmiles, but that ſhall be as  
it may I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out

42] *Southampton* 3  
*we do* 3, 4*Nym*] *Nym* [and ſo  
throughout] 3, 4

6] 'Tis      'twul 3	It is a simple one, but what tho , it will serue to toste cheese, And it will endure cold as an other mans sword will, And theres the humor of it	8
9] <i>Quickly</i>	<i>Bar.</i> Yfaith mistrefesse quickly did thee great w <sup>i</sup> ong,	[10 B]
10] <i>troth-plight</i> 3	For thou weart troth plight to her	12
	<i>Nim.</i> I must do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare, Yet sheel plod, and some say kniues haue edges, And men may sleepe and haue their throtes about them At that time, and there is the humour of it	14
14] <i>there's</i> 3	<i>Bar.</i> Come yfaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make <i>Pistoll</i> And thee friendes What a plague should we carrie kniues To cut our owne throates	16
	<i>Nim.</i> Yfaith Ile lue as long as I may, that's the certaine of it And when I cannot lue any longer, Ile do as I may, And theres my rest, and the randeuous of it.	20
<i>Enter Pistoll and Hostes Quickly, his wyfe</i>		
21] <i>Good morrow</i> 3	<i>Bar.</i> Godmorrow ancient <i>Pistoll</i>	24
	Here comes ancient <i>Pistoll</i> , I prithee <i>Nim</i> be quiet	
	<i>Nim.</i> How do you my Hoste?	
	<i>Pist.</i> Bafe flauie, calleſt thou me hoste?	
	Now by gads lugges I fweare, I scorne the title,	
	Nor shall my <i>Nell</i> keepe lodging	
	<i>Hoste.</i> No by my troath not I,	
28 <i>honest</i> ] om 3	For we canot bed nor boord half a score honest gentlewomē That lue honestly by the prick of their needle,	28
	But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house	
	O Lord heeres Corporall <i>Nims</i> , now shall	
	We haue wilful adultry and murther committed	
	Good Corporall <i>Nim</i> shew the valour of a man,	
[Fol II 41-2 p 39]	And put vp your sword.	32
	<i>Nim.</i> Push.	

[p. 73]

[col. 1]

mine yron it is a simble one, but what though? It will  
8 toste Cheese, and it will endure cold, as another mans  
fword will and there's an end

12 *Bar* I will beftow a breakfast to make you friendes  
and wee'l bee all three sworne brothers to France Let't  
be fo good Corporall *Nym*

16 *Nym* Faith, I will hwe fo long as I may, that's the cer-  
taine of it and when I cannot hwe any longer, I will doe  
as I may That is my ref, that is the rendeuous of it

20 *Bar* It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to  
*Nell Quickly*, and certainly she did you wrong, for you  
were troth-plight to her.

24 *Nym* I cannot tell, Things must be as they may men  
may sleepe, and they may haue their throats about them  
at that time, and some say, kniues haue edges It must  
be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee  
will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot  
tell.

*Enter Pifroll, & Quickly*

28 *Bar* Heere comes Ancient *Pifroll* and his wife good  
Corporall be patient heere How now mine Hoaste *Pif-  
roll*?

32 *Pif.* Base Tyke, cal'ft thou mee Hoaste, now by this  
hand I fweare I scorne the terme nor shall my *Nel* keep  
Lodgers.

36 *Hoft* No by my troth, not long For we cannot lodge  
and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that hwe  
honestly by the pinc of their Needles, but it will bee  
thought we keepe a Bawdy-house straight O welliday  
Lady, if he be not hewne now, we shall see wilful adul-  
terry and murther committed

*Bar* Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing  
heere.

*Nym.* Pifh

7 ] is but a 3, 4

11 ] Let's 4

15 ] rendezvous 4

*Pif* What doſt thou puſh, thou prickcaid cui  
of Iſeland? 36

*Nim* Will you ſhog off? I would haue you folus  
*Pif* Solus egeſegious dog,

that folus in thy thiote,

And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within  
Thy meſfull mouth, I do retoit that folus / in thy  
Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie for I can talke, /  
And *Pifſolls*лаſhing firy cock is vp

43] *Farbasom 2*

*Nim* I am not *Barbasom*, you cannot conuue me  
I haue an humour *Pifſoll* to knock you indifferently well,  
And you fall foule with me *Pifſoll*, / Ile ſcoure you with my  
Rapier in faire termes / If you will walke off a little, / [45 B v]  
Ile prick your guts a little in good termes,  
And theres the humour of it. 48

*Pif* O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,  
/ The Graue doth gape, and groaning  
Death is neare, / therefore exall /

*They drawe*

*Bar* Heare me, he that ſtrikes the firſt blow,  
Ile kill him, as I am a ſouldier 52

*Pif* An oath of mickle might, and fury ſhall abate.

60] *Lazarkite 2*

*Nim* Ile cut you thiote at one time or an other / in faine  
And theres the humor of it / (termes, 56

*Pif* Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen  
A damned hound, thinkſt thou my ſpouſe to get?  
No, to the powdeing tub of infamy,  
Fetch forth the lazarkite of Cīcſides kinde,  
Doll Teatſheete, ſhe by name, and her eſpowſe

[p 73]

[COL 2]

40

*Pif* Fish for thee, Island dogge thou prickeard cui  
of Island

*Hoyl.* Good Corporall *Nym* shew thy valor, and put  
vp your sword . [Q<sup>o</sup> II 33-4 p 36]

44

*Nym* Will you shogge off? I would haue you folus

48

*Pif* Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile, The folus  
in thy most meruailous face, the folus in thy teeth, and  
in thy throate, and in thy hauyfull Lungs, yea in thy Maw  
perdy, and which is worse, within thy nastie mouth I  
do retort the folus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Pi-*  
*fols* cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow.

52

*Nym* I am not *Barafon*, you cannot coniure mee I  
haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well If you  
grow fowle with me *Pistoll*, I will scourge you with my  
Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke  
off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as  
I may, and that's the humor of it

56

*Pif* O Biaggard vile, and damned furious wight,  
The Giaue doth gape, and doting death is neere,  
Therefore exhale

60

*Bar* Heare me, heare me what I say Hee that strikes  
the first stroake, Ile run him vp to the hilts, as I am a sol-  
dier

64

*Pif* An oath of mickle might, and fuly shall abate  
Gue me thy fist, thy fore-foote to me gue Thy spirites  
are most tall

*Nym* I will cut thy throate one time or other in faine  
termes, that is the humor of it

68

*Pistoll* Couple a gorge, that is the wold I dene thee a-  
gaine O hound of Creet, think'ft thou my spouse to get?  
No, to the spitle goe, and from the Poudring tub of in-  
famy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Cleffids* kinde, *Doll*  
*Teare-sheeete*, she by name, and hei espouse I haue, and I

42 *sword*] *thy* 3 445] *marvellous* 3, 463 *fist*] *first* 370] *Laser* *Kit* 4

66] *warming 3*

I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,  
 For the onely she and Paco, there it is inough  
*Enter the Boy*

*Boy.* Hostes you must come straight to my maister,  
 And you *Host Pustoll / Good Bardolfe* 64  
 Put thy nose betweene the sheetes, / and do the office of a  
 (warming pan /

*Host* By my troath heele yeeld the crow a pudding one  
 (of these dayes

Ile go to him, husband youle come?

*Bar* Come *Pistoll* be friends.

*Nim* prithee be friends, and if thou wilt not / be  
 Enemies with me too /

72] *beating 3*

*Ni* I shal haue my eight shillings I woon of you  
 at beating?

*Pist* Base is the flauie that payes

*Nim* That now I will haue, and theres the humor of it

*Pist*. As manhood shall compound *They draw.*

*Bar* He that strikes the fist blow,  
 Ile kill him by this fword

*Pist* Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.  
 [78 B 2]

79] *beating 3*

*Nim* I shall haue my eight shillings I wonne of you at  
 beating?

*Pist*. A noble shalft thou haue, and readie pay,  
 And liquor likewise will I gue to thee,  
 And friendshipe shall combind and brotherhood  
 Ile hue by *Nim* as *Nim* shall hue by me  
 Is not this ruf? for I shall Sutler be  
 Vnto the Campe, and profit will occue.

82] *and] out 3* [Probably  
press error for *ou,* ]84] *Butler 2*

64

68

72

76

80

84

[P 77]  
[col 2]

will hold the *Quondam Quickeley* for the onely shee and *Pauca*, there's enough to go to.

*Enter the Boy*

76 *Boy* Mine Hoast *Pistoll*, you must come to my Myster, and your Hostesse He is very sick, & would to bed Good *Bardolfe*, put thy face betweene his sheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan Faith, he's very ill

*Bard* Away you Rogue.

80 *Hof* By my troth he'll yeeld the Crow a pudding one of these dayes the King has kild his heart Good Husband come home presently

*Exit*

84 *Bar* Come, shall I make you two friends Wee must to France together why the duel should we keep kniues to cut one anothers throats?

[ll 16-17 Quarto]

*Pist* Let floods ore-swell, and fiends for food howle on

88 *Nym* You'l pay me the eight shillings I won of you at Betting?

*Pist* Base is the Slave that payes.

*Nym.* That now I wil haue that's the humor of it.

*Pist* As manhood shal compound push home *Draw*

92 *Bard* By this sword, hee that makes the first thrust, Ile kill him By this sword, I wil

*Pi.* Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must haue their course

96 *Bar.* Coporall *Nym*, & thou wilt be friends be frends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to prethee put vp

96 to] too

100 *Pist.* A Noble shalst thou haue, and present pay, and Liquor likewise will I gie to thee, and friendshipp shall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile lue by *Nymme*, & *Nymme* shall lue by me, is not this iust? For I shal Sutler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue Gue mee thy hand.

100-1] *Nymme 2*

*Nim* I shall haue my noble?

*Pist* In cash moft truly paid.

*Nim* Why theres the humour of it

*Enter Hafles*

*Hafles* As euer you came of men come in,

Sir *John* poore foule is fo troubled

With a burning taſhan contagian feuer, tis wonderfull

83

*Pist* Let vs condoll the knight for lamkins we will liue

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Exeter and Gloster*

*Glost.* Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to truft  
these traytors

*Exe* They ſhalbe apprehended by and by.

92

II.

*Glost.* I but the man that was his bedfellow  
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely fauours  
That he ſhould for a forraine purſe, to ſell  
His Soueraignes life to death and trecheriey.

*Exe* O the Lord of *Maſham*

*Enter the King and three Lords.*

*King* Now firſt the windes faue, and we wil aboord,  
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Maſham*,  
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts,

4

8

[p 74]  
[col 1]*Nym* I shall haue my Noble*Pif* In cash, most iustly payd*Nym* Well, then that the humor of't*Enter Hoſtē*

108 *Hoſtē* As euer you come of women, come in quickly to ſir *John* A poore heart, hee is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is moft lamentable to behold Sweet men, come to him

112 *Nym* The King hath run bad humors on the Knight that's the euen of it

116 *Pif*. *Nym*, thou haſt ſpoken the right, his heart is fraſted and corroborate

*Nym* The King is a good King, but it muſt bee as it may he paſſes ſome humors, and carreies

*Pif* Let vs condone the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will live

[II 2]

*Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland**Bed* Fore God his Grace is bold to truſt theſe traitors*Eve* They ſhall be apprehended by and by

4 *Wef* How ſmooth and euen they do bear themſelues, As if allegiance in their boſomes fate  
Crowned with faith, and conſtant loyalty

*Bed* The King hath note of all that they intend, By interception, which they dreame not of

8 *Eve* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauouris, That he ſhould for a forraigne purse, ſo ſell His Soueraignes life to death and treachery

*Sound Trumpets.**Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray*

12 *King*. Now ſits the winde faire, and we will aboord My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Mafham, And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts

106 ] *thetēs*107 ] *came of*4 ] *if all allegiance* 3, 45 ] *royalty* 47 ] *interception* 49 ] *tull'd* 3, 4

Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,  
Will make vs conquerors in the field of *France*? 12

*Mafha* No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best

[13 B 2 v]

*Cam* Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then  
is your maiestie. 16

*Gray* Euen those that were your fathers enemies  
Haue steeped their galles in honey for your sake 16

*King.* We therefore haue great cause of thankfulnesse,  
And shall forget the office of our hands,  
Sooner then reward and merit,  
According to their cause and worthinesse. 20

*Mafha* So seruice shall with steeled finewes shinc,  
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope  
To do your Grace incelant seruice.

*King* Vnkle of *Exeter*,

enlarge the man  
Committed yesterday, that rayled against our person,  
We consider it was the heate of wine that set him on,  
And on his more aduice we pardon him 24

*Mafha* That is mercie, but too much securitie  
Let him bee punisht Soueraigne, / least the example of  
Breed more of such a kinde / (him,

*King* O let vs yet be mercifull.

[p 74]  
[col 1]

16

Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs  
Will cut their paſſage through the force of France ?  
Doing the execution, and the aſte,  
For which we haue in head aſſembled them

20

*Scro* No doubt my Liege, if each man do his beſt

24

*King* I doubt not that, ſince we are well perfwaded  
We cariy not a heart with vs from hence,  
That growes not in a faire conſent with ours  
Nor leauue not one behinde, that doth not wiſh

28

Successe and Conqueſt to attend on vs  
*Cam* Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,  
Then is your Maieſty, there's not I thinke a ſubiect  
That fits in heart-greefe and vneafineſſe

32

Vnder the ſweet ſhade of your gouernment  
*King* True thoſe that were your Fathers enemis,

36

Hauē ſteep'd their gauls in hony, and do ſerue you  
With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.

40

*King* We therefore haue great cauſe of thankfulnes,  
And ſhall forget the office of our hand  
Sooner then quittance of detert and merit,  
According to the weight and worthineſſe

44

*Scro* So ſeruice ſhall with ſteeled fineſtes toyle,  
And labour ſhall refresh it ſelue with hope  
To do your Grace inceſtant ſeruices  
*King* We Judge no leſſe Vnkle of *Exeter*,

Inlaiſe the man committed yefterday,

That rayl'd againſt our perfon We confider  
It was excefſe of Wine that fet him on,

And on his more aduice, We pardon him.

*Scro.* That's mercy, but too much security

Let him be puniſh'd Soueraigne, leaſt example

Breed (by his ſufferance) more of ſuſh a kind

*King* O let vs yet be merciſfull

25] was a 3, 4

29 King] Guy 4

30] do obſeru 3, 4

	<i>Cam</i> So may your highnesse, and punish too.	32
	<i>Gray</i> . You shew great mercie if you giue him life, After the taste of his correccioun.	
36] <i>against</i> 3	<i>King</i> Alas your too much care and loue of me Are heauy orissons gainst the poore wretch, If little faults proceeding on distemper / should not bee (winked at, /	36
38] <i>capital</i> 2	How should we stetch our eye, when capitall crimes,	
39] <i>digested</i> 3	Chewed, swallowed and digested, appeare before vs	
39] <i>appeared</i> us 2	Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the rest In their deare loues, and tender preseruation of our state, Would haue him puniſht    Now to our French causes. Who are the late Commissioners?	40
	/ <i>Cam</i> Me one my Lord, / your highnesse bad me aske for it to day / [45 B 3]	44
	<i>Mash</i> So did you me my Soueraigne	
	<i>Gray</i> And me my Lord	
	<i>King</i> . Then <i>Richard Earle of Cambridge</i> there is yours There is yours my Lord of <i>Masham</i>	48
50] <i>Grey</i> 3 (and so on- ward)	And sir <i>Thomas Gray</i> knight of <i>Northumberland</i> , / this fame is Read them, and know we know your worthinesse (yours / Vnkle <i>Exeter</i> I will aboord to night Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour? What see you in thos papers	52
	That hath so chafed your blood out of appaience?	
	<i>Cam</i> I do confesse my fault, and do submit me To your highnesse mercie	56
	<i>Mash</i> . To which we all appeale	
60] <i>for e-stald</i> 3	<i>King</i> The mercy which was quit in vs but late, By your owne reasons is forestald and done:	58

[P 74]  
[COL 2]

*Cam* So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too  
*Grey* Sir, you shew great mercy if you gue him life,  
 After the taste of much correction

52

*King* Alas, your too much loue and care of me,  
 Are heauy Oissons 'gainst this poore wretch  
 If little faults proceeding on distemper,  
 Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we strecth ouer eye  
 When capitall crimes, chew'd, iwallow'd, and digested,  
 56 Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man,  
 Though *Cambridge*, *Scroope*, and *Gray*, in their deere care  
 And tender preseruation of our person  
 Wold haue him punish'd And now to our French causes,  
 Who are the late Commissioners?

60

*Cam* I one my Lord,  
 Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

64

*Scro* So did you me my Liege.

68

*Gray* And I my Royall Soueraigne  
*King*. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours  
 There yours Lord *Scroope* of *Masham*, and Sir *Knight*  
*Gray* of *Northumberland*, this same is yours  
 Reade them, and know I know your worthiness  
 My Lord of *Wesmerland*, and Vnkle *Exeter*,  
 We will aboord to night Why how now Gentlemen?  
 What see you in thofe papers, that you loose  
 72 So much complexion? Looke ye how they change  
 Their cheeke are paper Why, what reade you there,  
 That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood  
 Out of apperance

76

*Cam* I do confesse my fault,  
 And do submit me to you Highnesse mercy.

80

*Grey. Scro* To which we all appeale.  
*King* The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,  
 By your owne counsaile is supprest and kill'd

55] *digested*,56] *Appears* 366] *Lords* 2, 3  
*Knight*, 471] *lose*74 *haue*] *hath* 475] *appre nance* 3, 4

You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,  
 For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes,  
 As dogs vpon their masters worrying them.

See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,  
 These English monsters

My Lord of *Cambridge* here,

You know how apt we were to grace him,  
 In all things belonging to his honour

And this vilde man hath for a fewe light crownes,

Lighly conspired and swoyne vnto the practises of *France*  
 To kill vs here in *Hampton* To the which,

This knight no lesse in bountie bound to vs

Then *Cambridge* is, haah likewise sworne.

But oh what shall I say to thee false man,

Thou cruell ingratefull and inhumane creature,

Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,

That knewst the very secrets of my heart,

That almost mightest a coyned me into gold,

Wouldest thou a practisde on me for thy vse :

Can it be possible that out of thee

Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?

[81 B 3 v]

Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth shewe as grosse

As black from white, mine eye wil scarcely see it.

69] *vile* 2

70] *conspir'd* 3

73 *haah*] *hath*

78] *mightst have* 3

79] *Wouldst thou have*  
*practisde* . *use* 3

64

68

72

76

80

[p. 74]  
col 2]

You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,  
 For your owne reas ons turne into your bosomes,  
 As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you  
 See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,  
 These English monsters My Lord of *Cambride* heere,  
 You know how apt our loue was, to accord  
 To furnish with all appertinents  
 Belonging to his Honour, and this man,  
 Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd  
 And sworne vnto the practis es of France  
 To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,  
 This Knight no leſſe for bounty bound to Vs  
 Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne But O,  
 What shall I say to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou ciuell,  
 Ingratefull, sauage, and inhumane Creature?  
 Thou that didſt beare the key of all my countiaſ es,  
 That knew'ſt the very bottome of my foule,  
 That (almost) might'ſt haue coyn'd me into Golde,  
 Would'ſt thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vſe?  
 May it be poſſible, that forraigne hyer  
 Could out of thee extract one ſparke of euill  
 That might annoy my finger Tis ſo ſtrange,  
 That though the truth of itſelf stands off as groſſe  
 As blacke and white, my eye will ſcarſely ſee it  
 Treafon, and murther, euer kept together,  
 As two yoake duels sworne to eytheris purpoſe,  
 Working ſo groſſely in an naturall caufe,  
 That admiration did not hoope at them  
 But thou (againſt all proportion) didſt bring in  
 Wonder to waite on treafon, and on murther  
 And whatſoever cunning fiend it was  
 That wrought vpon thee ſo prepoſterouſly,  
 Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence

87] *furniſh him 3, 4*92] *us*103] *ſtand*107 *an] a*110 *and on] and no*

And

Act II. Sc. 2.

/ Their faults are open, / arrest them to the anfwer of the lawe, /  
And God acquit them of their practises

*Ere* I arrest thee of high treason,  
By the name of *Richard*, Earle of *Cambridge*.

[p 75]  
[col. 1]

116 And other duels that suggest by treasons,  
 Do botch and bungle vp damnation,  
 With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht  
 From glift'ring semblances of piety  
 But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,  
 Gauethee no instance why thou shouldest do treason,  
 Vnleffe to dub thee wth the name of Traitor  
 If that fame Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,  
 Should wth his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,  
 He might returne to vafie Tartar backe,  
 124 And tell the Legions, I can neuer win  
 A soule so easie as that Englishmans  
 Oh, how haft thou wth ialoufie infected  
 The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull,  
 128 Why so didst thou seeme they graue and learned?  
 Why so didst thou Come they of Noble Family?  
 Why so didst thou Seeme they religious?  
 Why so didst thou Or are they spare in diet,  
 132 Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger,  
 Constant in spirit, not fwerung wth the blood,  
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,  
 Not working wth the eye, wthout the eare,  
 136 And but in purged iudgement trusting neither,  
 Such and so finely boulted didst thou seeme  
 And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,  
 To make thee full fraught man, and best indued  
 With some suspition, I will weepe for thee  
 140 For this reuolt of thine, me thinkes is like  
 Another fall of Man Their faults are open,  
 Arrest them to the answer of the Law,  
 144 And God acquit them of their practises  
 Exe I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of  
 Richard Earle of Cambridge

123 *migh/l] may 4*136 *J iudgement 3*140 *] and I 4*

I areft thee of high treason,  
By the name of *Henry*, Lord of *Masham*  
I areft thee of high treason,  
/ By the name of *Thomas Gray*, / knight of *Northumberland* /  
*Mash* Our purposes God iustly hath discouered,  
And I repent my fault moie then my death,  
Which I beseech your maiestie forgiue,  
Altho my body pay the price of it.

88

92

96] *mercie* 2 *mercy* 3  
97] *conspir'd* 3  
98] *proclaim'd* 3.

*King* God quit you in his mercey / Heare your sentence /  
You haue conspired against our royll person,  
Ioyned with an enemy proclaimed and fixed  
And frō his coffers receiued the golden earnest of our death

96

104] *Get you hence*, 3

Touching our person we seeke no redreffe  
But we our kingdomes safetie must so tender  
Whose ruine you haue fought,  
That to our lawes we do deluer you (death,  
Get ye therefore hence poore miserable creatures to your  
/ The taste whereof, God in his mercy g̃ue you

100

104

[p. 75]

col 1]

148

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas Lord Scroope of Masham*

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas Grey, Knight of Northumberland.*

152

*Scro.* Our purposes, God rustly hath discouer'd,  
And I repent my fault more then my death,  
Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgiue,  
Although my body pay the price of it

156

*Cam.* For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,  
Although I did admit it as a motue,  
The sooner to effect what I intended ·  
But God be thanked for preuention,  
Which in sufferance heartily will rejoyce,  
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon mee

160

*Gray* Neuer did faithfull subiect more rejoyce  
At the discouery of most dangerous Treason,  
Then I do at this houre ioy ore my selfe,  
Preuented from a damned enterprize ;  
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne

164

*King* God quit you in his mercy. Hear your sentence  
You haue conspir'd against Our Royall person,  
Ioyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from lms Coffers,  
Receyud the Golden Earneſt of Our death ·  
Wherein you would haue fold your King to slaughter,  
His Princes, and his Peeres to feruitude,  
His Subiects to opprefſion, and contempt,  
And his whole Kingdome into defolation ·  
Touching our person, feeke we no reuenge,  
But we our Kingdomes safety wuſt ſo tender,  
Whose ruine you ſought, that to her Lawes  
We do deliuere you. Get you therefore hence,  
(Poore miſerable wretches) to your death  
The taste whereof, God of his mercy giue

159] *Which I in*160 *and you] om 3, 4*171. *to] of 3.*176] *you three ſought,*

(amisfe /

Patience / to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds  
Beare them hence.*Exit three Lords*Now Lords to *France*. The enterprise whereof,  
Shall be to you as vs, succesiuely.

108

Since God cut off  
this dangerous treason lurking in our way*Hoster 3*Cheerly to sea, the signes of war aduance:  
No King of England, if not King of *France**Exit omnes*  
[112. B 3]1.] *Staines 2.**Enter Nim, Pystoll, Bardolfe, Hostenes and a Boy.**Hofst.* I prethy sweete heart, / let me bring thee so farre as*(Stanes /**Pyst.* No fur, no fur

112

II

*Bar.* Well fir *John* is gone God be with him.5.] *chrysombd 2**Hofst.* I, he is in *Arthors* bofom, if euer any were  
He went away as if it were a crylombd childe,  
Betweene twelve and one,  
Iust at turning of the tide  
His nose was as sharpe as a pen  
For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,  
And talk of floures, and smile vpō his fingers ends  
I knew there was no way but one.  
How now fir *John* quoth I?  
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,

4

8

12

[p. 75]  
[col. 2]

You patience to indure, and true Repentance  
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence.  
Now Lords for France: the enterprise whereof  
Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.

*Exit.*

181] Exeunt

184

We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,  
Since God so graciously hath brought to light  
This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,  
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,  
But euery Rubbe is smoothed on our way.

186] *way* 2 *way* 3, 4.

188

Then forth, deare Countreymen Let vs deluer  
Our Puffance into the hand of God,  
Putting it straight in expedition.

187.] *beginning.*188 *on*] *in* 4.

192

Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance,  
No King of England, if not King of France. *Flourish*

193. *Flourish* Exeunt

[II. 3]

*Enter Pystoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostesse*  
*Hostesse* 'Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring  
thee to Staines.

1.] *honey*, 3, 4

4

*Pystoll.* No for my manly heart doth erne. *Bardolph*,  
be blythe. *Nim*, rowse thy vaunting Veines. *Boy*, brisle  
thy Courage vp for *Falstaffe* hee is dead, and wee must  
erne therefore.

3, 6] *yerne* 3, 4

8

*Bard* Would I were with him, wheresomere hee is,  
eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

7.] *whereso'ere* 4

12

*Hostesse*. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell hee's in *Arthurs*  
Bosome, if euer man went to *Arthurs* Bosome: a made a  
finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christome  
Child. a parted eu'n iust betweene Twelue and One, eu'n  
at the turning o'th'Tyde for after I saw him fumble with  
the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his  
fingers end, I knew there was but one way for his Nose was  
as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields How now  
Sir *John* (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare so a  
cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times . now I,

10 *made a*] *made* 3, 4.11.] *Christom* 412 *eu'n iust*] *just* 3, 4

16

16] *green fields* 3 *green*  
*Fields* 4.

16 *at]* on 3

Now I to comfort him, bad him not think of God,  
 I hope there was no such need  
 Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete  
 And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stome.  
 And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stome  
 And so vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stome.

16

19 *any]* om 3*Nim.* They say he cride out on Sack

20

20] *cryed* 2*Hof.* I that he did*Boy.* And of women*Hof.* No that he did not.*Boy.* Yes that he did and he sed they were duuels incarnat.

24

24 *he sed]* sed 3 *incar-*  
*nate* 3.*Hof.* Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued*Nim.* Well he did cry out on women

*Hof.* Indeed he did in some fort handle women,  
 But then he was rumaticke, / and talkt of the whore of

28

*(Babylon) /*31 *fire]* om 3

*Boy.* Hoftes do you remember he saw a Flea stand  
 Upon *Bar dolfes* Nose, and sed it was a black soule

[31 B 3 v]

Burning in hell fire ?

*Bar.* Well, God be with him,

32

That was all the wealth I got in his seruice.

*Nim.* Shall we flog off ?The king wil be gone from *Southampton*.

36

*Pif.* Cleare vp thy cristalles,

Looke to my chattels and my moueables.

38] *none, the world* 2.

Trust none the word is pitch and pay.

Mens words are wafer cakes,

40] *hold fast* 3

And holdfast is the only dog my deare.

40

Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,

[P 75]  
[COL 2]

20

24

28

32

36

40

44

48

to comfort him, bid him a shold not thinke of God, I hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any such thoughts yet so a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stome. then I felt to his knees, and so vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stome

*Nim* They say he cryed out of Sack.

*Hosteſſe* I, that a did

*Bard.* And of Women

*Hosteſſe* Nay, that a did not.

*Boy* Yes that a did, and said they were Deules incarnate.

*Woman* A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he neuer lik'd

*Boy* A said once, the Deule would haue him about Women

*Hosteſſe* A did in some fort (indeed) handle Women but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon

*Boy.* Doe you not remember a saw a Flea sticke vpon *Bardolphs* Nose, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning in Hell

*Bard.* Well, the fuell is gone that maintam'd that fire that's all the Riches I got in his seruice

*Nim* Shall wee shogg? the King will be gone from Southampton

*Pif.* Come, let's away My Loue, giue me thy Lippes Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables Let Sences rule The world is, Pitch and pay trust none for Oathes are Strawes, mens Faths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fast is the onely Dogge My Ducke, therefore *Caueto* bee thy Counſailor. Goe, cleare thy Chryſtalls Yoke-fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horse leeches

23] as any] as a 3, 4

24] upward (upwar'd 2)  
and upward, 3, 4

24 and all] and om 3, 4

39] and said 3, 4

Touch her soft lips and part.

*Bar.* Farewell hostes.

*Nim.* I cannot kis and theres the humor of it  
But adieu.

*Pist.* Keepe fast thy buggle boe.

44

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin,*  
and others.

[II. 4]

*King* Now you Lords of *Orleance,*  
*Of Bourbon, and of Berry,*  
You see the King of England is not slack,  
For he is footed on this land alreadie. [l 149 fol. p. 67]

4

*Dolphin.* My gracious Lord, / tis meet we all goe  
And arme vs against the foe. (footn, /

[p. 76]  
[COL. I]

leeches my Boyes, to fucke, to fucke, the very blood to fucke.

*Boy* And that's but vnwholesome food, they say.

*Pif.* Touch her soft mouth, and march

56

*Bard* Farwell Hostesse.

*Nim.* I cannot kiffe, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

60

*Pif.* Let Huswiferie appeare keepe close, I thee command.

*Hostesse.* Farwell: adieu.

*Exeunt*

*Flourish.*

[II. 4]

*Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes  
of Berry and Britaine*

*Flourish] om.*

4

*King* Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs,  
And more then carefully it vs concernes,  
To answer Royally in our defences.

4] *Britain 3, 4-*

8

Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,  
Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth,  
And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch  
To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre  
With men of courage, and with meanes defendant.

12

For England his approaches makes as fierce,  
As Waters to the fucking of a Gulfe.  
It fits vs then to be as prouident,  
As feare may teach vs, out of late examples  
Left by the fatall and neglected English,  
Vpon our fields.

16

*Dolphin.* My most redoubted Father,  
It is most meet we arme vs 'ganst the Foe  
For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome,  
(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question)  
But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,  
Should be maintayn'd, assembed, and collected,

10 *busied*] *troubled* 3

And view the weak & sickly parts of *France* :  
But let vs do it with no shew of feare,  
No with no more, then if we heard  
England were busied with a Moris dance  
For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,  
Her scepter so fantastically borne,  
So guided by a shallow humorous youth,  
That feare attends her not.

8

15. *selfe*,] om. 2.

*Con.* O peace Prince *Dolphin*, you deceiue your selfe,

[15 C]

Question your grace the late Embassador,  
With what regard he heard his Embassage,  
How well supplied with aged Counsellours,

16

And how his resolution andswered him,  
You then would say that *Harry* was not wilde.

20

*King* Well thinke we *Harry* strong  
And strongly arme vs to preuent the foc

[p. 76]  
[COL. 1]

As were a Warre in expectation  
 Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth,  
 To view the sick and feeble parts of France .  
 24 And let vs doe it with no shew of feare,  
 No, with no more, then if we heard that England  
 Were busied with a Whitson Morris-dance  
 For, my good Liege, shee is so idly King'd,  
 28 Her Scepter so phantaftically borne,  
 By a vanie giddie shallow humorous Youth,  
 That feare attends her not

*Const.* O peace, Prince Dolphin,  
 32 You are too much mistaken in this King  
 Question your Grace the late Embassadours,  
 With what great State he heard their Embassie,  
 How well supply'd with Noble Councillors,  
 36 How modest in exception ; and withall,  
 How terrible in conftant resolution  
 And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent,  
 Were but the out-side of the Roman *Brutus*,  
 40 Couering Discretion with a Coat of Folly ,  
 As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots  
 That shall first spring, and be moft delicate.

*Dolphin* Well, 'tis not fo, my Lord High Conftable.  
 44 But though we thinke it fo, it is no matter .  
 In cases of defence, 'tis beft to weigh  
 The Enemie more mightie then he feemeſ,  
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd  
 48 Which of a weake and niggardly protection,  
 Doth like a Mifer spoyle his Coat, with scanting  
 A little Cloth.

*King* Thinke we King *Harry* frong .  
 52 And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him.  
 The Kindred of him hath beene flesht vpon vs

36] with all 3. 4

45] causes

*Con.* My Lord here is an Embassador  
From the King of England

24

*Kin.* Bid him come in  
You see this chafe is hotly followed Lords

*Dol.* My gracious father, cut vp this English shott,

28] *Selfe-loue* 3

Selfeloue my Liege is not so vile a thing,  
As selfe neglecting

28

29] *selfe-neglecting**Enter Exeter.*30] *brother of 3.*

*King.* From our brother England?  
*Exe.* From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie:  
He wils you in the name of God Almighty,  
That you deuest your selfe and lay apart  
That borrowed tyle, which by gif of heauen,

32

[p 76]  
[col 2]

56 And he is bred out of that bloodie straine,  
 That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes  
 Witnesse our too much memorabile shame,  
 When Cressy Battell fatally was strucke,  
 And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand  
 Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales  
 60 Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing  
 Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,  
 Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him  
 Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface  
 64 The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers  
 Had twentie yeeres been made This is a Stem  
 Of that Victorious Stock and let vs feare  
 The Natuue mightnesse and fate of him

*Enter a Messenger.*

68 *Meſſ* Embassadors from *Harry* King of England,  
 Doe craue admittance to your Maieſtie.

68 ] *Ambassadors 4*

*King* Weele give them present audience  
 Goe, and bring them.

72 You see this Chafe is hotly followed, friends

*Dolphin.* Turne head, and ftop pursuit for coward Dogs  
 Most ſpend their mouths, whē what they ſeem to threaten  
 Runs farre before them Good my Soueraigne  
 76 Take vp the English ſhort, and let them know  
 Of what a Monarchie you are the Head  
 Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not ſo vile a finne,  
 As ſelfe-neglecting

*Enter Exeter*

80 *King* From our Brother of England?

*Exe* From him, and thus he greets your Maieſtie :  
 He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,  
 That you deueſt your ſelfe, and lay apart  
 84 The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen,

35.] *law, 3.*

Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs  
 To him and to his heires, namely the crowne  
 And all wide stetched tules that belongs

36

Vnto the Crowne of *France*, that you may know  
 Tis no sinifter, nor no awkward claime,  
 Pickt from the wormeholes of old vanisht dayes,  
 Nor from the dust of old obliuion rackte,  
 He sends you these most memorabile lynes,  
 In euery branch truly demonstrated  
 Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree,  
 And when you finde him euenly deuined  
 From his most famed and famous ancestors,  
*Edward* the third, he bids you then resigne  
 Your crowne and kingdome, indirectly held  
 From him, the natvie and true challenger.

40

44

48

[49 C v]

*King* If not, what follows?

*Exe* Bloody cōstraint, for if you hide the crowne  
 Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it  
 Therefore in fierce tempest is he comming,  
 In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Ioue*,  
 That if requiring faile, he will compell it

52

57.] *Orphants 3 bowens 2*58.] *gones, 3*61] *is his] is the 2*

And on your heads turnes he the widowes teares,  
 The Orphaunes cries, the dead mens bones,  
 The pining maydens grones  
 For husbands, fathers, and distressed louers,  
 Which shall be fwallowed in this contiouerfie  
 This is his claime, his threatening, and my message  
 Vnles the *Dolphin* be in prescence here,  
 To whom explye we bring greeting too.

56

60

[p 76]  
[col 2]

By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs  
 To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne,  
 And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertane  
 88 By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times,  
 Vnto the Crowne of France · that you may know  
 'Tis no sinifter, nor no awk-ward Clayme,  
 Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanisht dayes,  
 92 Nor from the dust of old Obliuation rakt,  
 He fends you this most memorable Lyne,  
 In euery Branch truly demonstratiue ;  
 Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree  
 96 And when you find him euenly deriu'd  
 From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors,  
 Edward the third, he bids you then resigne  
 Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held  
 100 From him, the Natue and true Challenger.

91 ] Worms-holes 4.

*King.* Or else what follows ?  
*Exe.* Bloody constraint for if you hide the Crowne  
 Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.  
 Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming,  
 In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Ioue* ·  
 That if requiring faile, he will compell.  
 And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,  
 108 Deluer vp the Crowne, and to take mercie  
 On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre  
 Opens his vaste Iawes and on your head  
 Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,  
 112 The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes,  
 For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,  
 That shall be swallowed in this Controuerfe.  
 This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message  
 116 Vnlesse the Dolphin be in prefence here ,  
 To whom exprefly I bring greeting to.

112 ] Bloods, 4

117 ] too

*King* For

67] *mis-become* 3

*Dol.* For the *Dolphin*? I stand here for him,  
What to heare from England.

64

*Exe.* Scorn & defiance, flight regard, contempt,  
And any thing that may not misbecome  
The mightie fender, doth he pise you at.  
Thus saith my king. Vnles your fathers highnesse

68

Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiestie,  
Heele call you to so loud an answere for it,  
That caues and wombely vaultes of *France*  
Shall chide your trespassse, and return your mock,  
In seconde accent of his ordenance.

72

*Dol.* Say that my father rendeſ faire reply,  
It is against my will  
For I desyre nothing ſo much, || As oddes with England.  
And for that caufe according to his youth  
I did preſent him with thoſe *Paris* balles.

76

80

*Exe.* Heele make your *Paris* Louer ſhake for it,  
Were it the miſtrefſe Court of mightie *Europe*.

86] *weighes* 3

And be affured, youle finde a diſference  
As we his ſubieſts haue in wonder found  
Betweene his yonger dayes and theſe he muſters now,  
Now he wayes time euen to the lateſt graine,  
Whiſh you ſhall finde in your owne loſſes

[84. C 2]

84

If he ſtay in *France*

88 *he* we89] *Well, for vs* 390] *of England* 3

*King* Well for vs, you ſhall returne our anſwre backe  
To our brother England.

88

*Exit omnes.*

[p 77]  
[col 1]

*King* For vs, we will confider of this further  
To morrow shall you beare our full intent  
Back to our Brother of England

120

*Dolph* For the Dolphin,  
I stand here for him what to him from England?

124

*Ere* Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt,  
And any thing that may not mis-become  
The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.  
Thus sayes my King and if your Fathers Highnesse  
Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,  
Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maestie;  
Hee'le call you to so hot an Answere of it,  
That Caues and Wombie Vaultages of France  
Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock  
In seconde Accent of his Ordinance.

132

*Dolph* Say if my Father render faire returne,  
It is against my will for I desire  
Nothing but Oddes with England.

136

To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,  
I did present him with the Paris-Balls

140

*Ere* Hee'le make your Paris Louer shake for it,  
Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe:  
And be assur'd, you'le find a duff'rence,  
As we his Subiects haue in wonder found,  
Betweene the promise of his greener dayes,  
And these he masters now now he weighes Time  
Euen to the vtmost Grauine that you shall reade  
In your owne Losses, if he stay in France

144

*King* To morrow shall you know our mind at full.

*Flourish*

148

*Ere* Dispatch vs with all speed, leaft that our King  
Come here himselfe to question our delay,  
For he is footed in this Land already.

[Q<sup>o</sup> 1 4, p. 58]

133 render] tender 4

138 ] Louer 2 Louer 3  
Louer 4

147 ] test 4



[P 77]  
[COL 1]

152

*King.* You shalbe foone dispatcht, with faire conditions.  
 A Night is but small breathe, and little pawse,  
 To answere matters of this consequnce

*Exeunt.*151 ] *breath* 4

[III.]

*Actus Secundus*

4

8

12

16

20

*Flourish. Enter Chorus.*

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flyes,  
 In motion of no lesse celerite then that of Thought  
 Suppose, that you haue seene

The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,  
 Embarke his Royaltie and his braue Fleet,  
 With filken Streamers, the young *Phebus* fayning;

Play with your Fancies and in them behold,  
 Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;  
 Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order gue  
 To sounds confus'd behold the threaden Sayles,

Borne with th'inuisible and creeping Wind,  
 Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,

Bresting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke

You stand vpon the Riuage, and behold

A Cite on th'inconstant Billowes dauncing:

For so appeares this Fleet Maiestcall,  
 Holding due course to Harflew Follow, follow

Grapple your minds to sternage of this Naue,  
 And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, full,

Guarded with Grandfires, Babyes, and old Women,  
 Eyther paft, or not arriu'd to pyth and puiffance

For who is he, whose Chin is but enricht

Flourish] om.

6 ] *fayning*, 3. 49 *Heare*] *Heart* 4



[p. 77]

[COL. 2]

24 With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow  
 These cull'd and choyse-drawne Caualiers to France ?  
 Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege  
 Behold the Ordinance on their Carriages,  
 With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew

28 Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back :  
 Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him  
*Katherine* his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,  
 Some petty and vnpromisable Dukedomes.

32 The offer likes not : and the nimble Gunner  
 With Lynfstock now the druellish Cannon touches,  
*Alarum, and Chamlers goe off*  
 And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,  
 And eech out our performance with your mind      *Exit*

26 ] *Ordinance 4.*34 *them* ] *hem* 3. 435 ] *ech*

[III 1]

*Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.**Alarum · Scaling Ladders at Harflew.**Scaling-Ladders 3*  
*Scaling-Ladders 4*

King Once more vnto the Breach,  
 Deare friends, once more,  
 Or close the Wall vp with our English dead :  
 4 In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,  
 As modest stillnesse, and humilitie  
 But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,  
 Then imitate the action of the Tyger :  
 8 Stiffen the finewes, commune vp the blood,  
 Disguise faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage  
 Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect .  
 Let it pry through the portage of the Head,  
 12 Like the Brasse Cannon let the Brow o'rewhelme it,  
 As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke  
 O're-hang and iutty his confounded Base,  
 Swill'd with the wild and wastfull Ocean  
 16 Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nostrill wide,

and *Boy* 3

*Enter* *Nim*, *Bardolfe*, *Pistoll*, *Boy*.

[III. 2]

i.] *heeres* 3

*Nim* Before God here is hote seruice.

*Pist* Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,  
Gods vaffals drop and die

*Nim* Tis honor, and theres the humor of it.

*Boy* Would I were in London  
Ide glue all my honor for a pot of Ale.

[p 77]  
[col 2]

Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euery Spirit  
 To his full height. On, on, you Nobliss English,  
 Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-proofe  
 20 Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,  
 Haue in these parts from Morne till Euen fought,  
 And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument  
 Dishonour not your Mothers: now attest,  
 24 That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you  
 Be Coppy now to me of groffer blood,  
 And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,  
 Whose Lymes were made in England, shew vs here  
 28 The mettell of your Pasture let vs fweare,  
 That you are worth your breeding which I doubt not  
 For there is none of you so meane and base,  
 That hath not Noble lustre in your eyes.  
 32 I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,  
 Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot.  
 Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,  
 Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and S. *George*.

*Alarum, and Chambers goe off.*

18 *On, on,*] *On,*  
*Nobliss*25 *me]* *men* 4.28 ] *mettel* 3 *mett'e* 433 ] *a-foot* 3, 4

[III 2]

*Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.*

*Bard* On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach

*Nim.* 'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knockes are too  
 hot and for mine owne part, I haue not a Cafe of Liues  
 4 the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song  
 of it.

*Pist* The plaine-Song is most iust for humors doe a-  
 bound. Knockes goe and come Gods Vassals drop and  
 8 dye and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne  
 immortall fame

*Boy* Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I  
 would glue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safetie

*Pist* And

7] And I, if 2.  
And I, if 3

*Pif* And I If wifhes would preuaile,  
I would not stay, but thither would I hie

8

9] Gods rascals,  
Will, &c 2.

*Flew* Godes plud vp to the breaches  
You rascals, will you not vp to the breaches?

*Nim.* Abate thy rage sweete knight,  
Abate thy rage.

12

17] Lute-case, 3.  
18] halfe-pence 3  
19] fire-shouell 3

*Boy.* Well I would I were once from them :  
They would haue me as familiar [fol II 44-5]  
With mens pockets, as their gloues, and their  
Handkerchers, they will steale any thing  
*Bardolfe* stole a Lute case, carried it three mile,  
And sold it for three hapence.  
*Nim* stole a fier shouell  
I knew by that, they meant to carry coales

16

20

[p 78]  
[col 1]

16 *Pif.* And I If wishes would preuayle with me, my purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I high

17 *Boy* As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

18 *Flu.* Vp to the breach, you Dogges, auaunt you Collions

20 *Pif.* Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke Good Bawcock bate thy Rage vse lenitie sweet Chuck

24 *Nim* These be good humors your Honor wins bad humors

Exit

28 *Boy.* As young as I am, I haue obseru'd these three Swashers I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serue me, could not be Man to me, for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man for *Bardolph*, hee is white-luer'd, and red-fac'd, by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not for *Pistol*, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword, by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole Weapons for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to fay his Prayers lest a should be thought a Coward but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds, for a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Post, when he was drunke They will steale any thing, and call it Purchase *Bardolph* stole a Lute-cafe, bore it twelue Leagues, and sold it for three halfe pence *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworne Brothers in filching and in Callice they stole a fire-shouell I knew by that peece of Service, the men would carry Coales They would

12] yf 3, 4

14.] hye 3, 4.

17] avant

18] Collions 4

40] half-pence 3 half-Pence 4

[fol ll 44-5, see Q<sup>o</sup> ll 14-16]

and the] and 3

23] *Captaine*29] *Ieshu* 3

Well, if they will not leau me,  
I meane to leau them

*Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and the Boy.*

*Enter Gower*

*Gower* Gaptain *Flewellen*, you must come strait  
To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloster*.

24

*Fleu* Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good  
To come to the mines

the concuaueties is otherwise.  
You may discusse to the Duke, the enemy is digd  
Himselfe hue yardes vnder the countermines  
By *Iefus* I thinke heele blowe vp all  
If there be no better direction

28

[p. 78]  
[col 1]

48 haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues  
or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my  
Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put  
into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs  
I must leaue them, and seeke some better Seruice. their  
Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore  
I must cast it vp

*Exit.**Enter Gower*

52 *Gower.* Captaine *Fluellen*, you must come presently to  
the Mynes, the Duke of Gloucester would speake with  
you

56 *Flu.* To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so  
good to come to the Mynes for looke you, the Mynes  
is not according to the disciplines of the Warre, the con-  
cauities of it is not sufficient for looke you, th'athuer-  
farie, you may discusse vnto the Duke, looke you, is digit  
himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermines by *Cheſhu*,  
60 I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better direc-  
tions.

64 *Gower.* The Duke of Glouceſter, to whom the Order  
of the Siege is gauen, is altogether directed by an Irish  
man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

*Welch* It is Captaine *Makmorrice*, is it not?*Gower* I thinke it be

68 *Welch* By *Cheſhu* he is an Aſſe, as in the World, I will  
verifie as much in his Beard he ha's no more directions  
in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the  
Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog

*Enter Makmorrice, and Captaine Iamy.*

72 *Gower.* Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine  
*Iamy*, with him.

*Welch* Captaine *Iamy* is a maruellous falorous Gen-  
tleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-

56] are not of Warre

50] yards 4

73] marvellous 2  
valorous 4



[p 78]

[col 2]

76

ledge in th'aunchiant Warres, vpon my particular knowl-edge of his directions by *Cheſhu* he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the disciplines of the Priftine Warres of the Romans.

80 *Scot.* I fay gudday, Captaine *Fluellen.*

*Welch* Godden to your Worſhip, good Captaine *James.*

*Gower* How now Captaine *Mackmorrice*, haue you quitt the Mynes? haue the Pioners giuen o're?

84

*Iryſh.* By Chrifh Law tifh ill done the Worke iſh giue ouer, the Trompet found the Retreat By my Hand I fweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke iſh ill done it iſh giue ouer. I would haue blowed vp the Towne, 88 fo Chrifh faue me law, in an houre. O tifh ill done, tifh ill done. by my Hand tifh ill done

92

*Welch* Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I beſeech you now, will you voutſafe me, looke you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication partly to ſatisfie my Opinion, and partly for the ſatisfaction, looke you, of my Mind as touching the diſtrictiōn of the Militarie diſcipline, that is the Point.

96

100 *Scot* It fall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I fall quitt you with gud leue, as I may pick occation that fall I mary

104

*Iryſh* It is no time to diſcourse, fo Chrifh faue me the day iſh hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes it is no time to diſcourse, the Town is beſeech'd and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and we talke, and be Chrifh do nothing, tis shame for vs all fo God fa'me tis shame to ſtand ſtill, it is shame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be

84] *Chrifh, Law, 4*88] *ſave me, 4*91.] *vouſafe 4*103] *Duke . not 4*104] *calls 3, 4*

Alarum. Enter &c. 3.

*Enter the King and his Lords alarum.*

[III 3]

*King.* How yet resolues the Gouvernour of the Towne?  
This is the latest parley weele admit.

[p 78]  
[ccl 2]

done, and there ish nothing done, so Christ sa'me law

Scot. By the Mes, ere theise eyes of mine take them-selves to slumber, ayle de gud seruice, or Ile ligge i'th' grund for it, ay, or goe to death and Ile payt as valourously as I may, that sal I suerly do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full faine heard some question tween you tway.

116 Welch Captaine *Mackmorrie*, I thinke, looke you, vnder your correction, there is not many of your Nation

120 Irysh. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a Villaine, and a Baſterd, and a Knaue, and a Rascall What ish my Nation? Who talkes of my nation?

124 Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwife then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorrie*, peraduenture I shall thinke you doe not vſe me with that affabilitie, as in discretion you ought to vſe me, looke you, being as good a man as your ſelfe, both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particula-rities.

128 Irysh I doe not know you ſo good a man as my ſelfe ſo Chrifh ſaue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will miſtake each other.

132 Scot. A, that's a foule fault. *A Parley.*

Gower The Towne ſounds a Parley.

136 Welch Captaine *Mackmorrie*, when there is more better oportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be ſo bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre and there is an end. *Exit.*

[III 3] *Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.*

King How yet refolues the Gouernour of the Towne? This is the lateſt Parle we will admit

There-

112] surely 3, 4  
112 that is] om 3, 4

Therefore to our best mercie giue your felues,  
Or like to men proud of destruction,  
defie vs to our worst,  
For as I am a fouldier, a name that in my thoughts  
Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once againe  
I will not leaue the halfe atchieued Harflew,  
Till in her ashes she be buried,  
The gates of mercie are all shut vp.

11] *guylte, 2.*

What say you, will you yeeld and this auoyd,  
Or guiltie in defence be thus destroyd?

*Enter Gouernour.*

13] *succout 3*

*Gouer.* Our expectation hath this day an end.  
The Dolphin whom of succour we entreated,  
Returns vs word, his powers are not yet ready,  
To raiſe ſo great a fiege. therefore dread King,  
We yeeld our towne and liues to thy ſoft mercie  
Enter our gates, diſpoſe of vs and ours,  
For we no longer are defenſiue now

12

16

and *Allice 3*

*Enter Katherine, Allice.*

[III 4]

14] *Allice 3* (and so  
throughout).

*Kate.* Allice venecia, vous aues cates en,  
Vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara,

3] *Comen 2.*

Coman ſae palla vou la main en francoy.

[3. C 3]

*Allice.* La main madam de han.

4

[p. 79]

[COL. 1]

4

Therefore to our best mercy give your felues,  
 Or like to men proud of destruction,  
 Defie vs to our worst: for as I am a Souldier,  
 A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;  
 If I begin the batt'rie once againe,  
 8 I will not leaue the halfe-atchieued Harflew,  
 Till in her aches the lye buried.  
 The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,  
 And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,  
 12 In libertie of bloody hand, shall raunge  
 With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Gratife  
 Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowering Infants.  
 What is it then to me, if impious Warre,  
 16 Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,  
 Doe with his fmyrcht complexion all fell feats,  
 Enlynckt to waft and defolation?  
 What is't to me, when you your felues are caufe,  
 20 If your pure Maydens fall into the hand  
 Of hot and forcing Violation?  
 What Reyne can hold licentious Wickednesse,  
 When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?  
 24 We may as bootleſſe ſpend our vaine Command  
 Vpon th'engaged Souldiers in their ſpoyle,  
 As ſend Precepts to the *Leviathan*, to come aſhore.  
 Therefore, you men of Harflew,  
 28 Take pity of your Towne and of your People,  
 Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,  
 Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace  
 O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds  
 32 Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.  
 If not: why in a moment looke to fee  
 The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand  
 Desire the Locks of your ſhrill-shrieking Daughters:

14.] *stouring* 4.16.] *gemes*17.] *all*] of 3, 4.26.] *Leviathan*26.] *a-shour* 3, 4.32.] *heady* 2. *heady*, 3, 4.35.] *-shreiking* 3.  
*-shrieking* 4.

[P 79]  
[COL. I]

Your Fathers taken by the siluer Beards,  
 And their most reuerend Heads daſht to the Walls  
 Your naked Infants ſpitted vpon Pykes,  
 Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles conſu'd,  
 Doe breake the Clouds, as did the Wiues of Iewry,  
 40 At *Herods* bloody-hunting ſlaught're-men.  
 What ſay you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd?  
 Or guiltie in defence, be thus deſtroy'd.

*Enter Gouvernour.*

44 *Gouver* Our expeſtation hath this day an end  
 The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,  
 Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,  
 To rayſe ſo great a Siege. Therefore great King,  
 48 We yeeld our Towne and Lues to thy ſoft Mercy  
 Enter our Gates, diſpoſe of vs and ours,  
 For we no longer are deſenſible.

52 *King.* Open your Gates. Come Vnkle *Ereter*,  
 Goe you and enter Harflew, there remaine,  
 And fortifie it ſtrongly 'gauf the French.  
 Vſe mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnkle.  
 The Winter comming on, and Sickneſſe growing  
 56 Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.  
 To night in Harflew will we be your Gueſt,  
 To morrow for the March are we addreſt.

*Flourish, and enter the Towne.*

[III. 4]

*Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.*

*Kathe.* Alice, tu as eſte en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas  
 le Language.

4 *Alice.* En peu Madame  
 Kath Ie te prie m'enſigniez, il faut que ie apprend a par-  
 len. Comient appelle vous le main en Anglois?

*Alice.* Le main il s'appelle de Hand.

1] eſte . parlors bien .

4, 5] m'enseigner (de  
 m'enseigner 4) . . que  
 j'apprenne parler  
 Comment appelle. la  
 main .

6] La est appelle  
 (appelle 2)

8 ] Owy

*Kate* E da bras.*Allice*. De arma madam.*Kate*. Le main da han la bras de arma.*Allice*. Owy e madam.*Kate*. E Coman fa pella vow la menton a la coll.*Allice*. De neck, e de cin, madam.*Kate* E de neck, e de cin, e de code*Allice*. De cudie ma foy Ie oblye, mais Ie remembre,  
Le tude, o de elbo madam.*Kate*. Ecowte Ie rehersera, towt cella que Iac apoandre,  
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.*Allice* De elbo madam.*Kate*. O Iesu, Iea obloye ma foy,

ecoute Ie recontera

De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon

*Allice*. Ma foy madam, vow parla au fe bon Angloys  
Afe vous aues ettue en Englatara*Kate*. Par la grace de deu an pettie tanes,

Je parle milleur

19 ] *vow* . *Angloy* 3

8

12

16

20

[p 79]  
[col 2]

8

*Kath. De Hand.**Alice. E le doyts**Kat. Le doyts, ma foy Ie oullie, e doyts mays, ie me souemeray le doyts ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres.**Alice Le main de Hand, le doyts le Fingres, ie pense que ie suis le lon escholier.**Kath. I'ay gaynie diux mots d' Anglois vistement, coment appelle vous le ongles?**Alice Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.**Kath. De Nayles escoute. dites moy, si ie parle lien de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.**Alice. C'est lien dict Madame, il est fort lon Anglois**Kath Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.**Alice. De Arme, Madame.**Kath E de coudee.**Alice D'Elbow.**Kath D'Elbow. Ie men fay le repiticio de tous les mots que vous maves, apprins des a present.**Alice. Il est trop difficile Madame, comme Ie pense**Kath. Excuse moy Alice escoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, de Billow**Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.**Kath O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d'Elbow, coment appelle vous le col.**Alice. De Nick, Madame.**Kath. De Nick, e le menton.**Alice. De Chin.**Kath De\_Sin. le col de Nick, le menton de Sin**Alice. Ouy Sauf vostre honneur en verite vous prononcies les mots aux droict, que le Natifs d'Angleterre**Kath Ie ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu, est en peu de temps.**Alice. N'aue vos y desfa oublie ce que ie vous a enfigne.*

8 ] doyt

9, 10 ] Le doyt. le doyt,  
m, s .. sour tendrix le  
a, t .. appelle de (des  
4) fingres (finger 2)  
11 ] La main. le doyt13 ] gaingne deux . com-  
ment

14 ] appelle les ongles

15 ] Les ongles

16 ] escoutez.

17 e] om

18 ] dit... il est

19 ] moy en Anglois le bras

21 ] le coude

23 ] .. m'en faitz la repe-  
tition de tous

24 ] m'avez . des

25 ] Il est

27 ] d'Arme

29-30 ] comment appelle

31 ] Neck (so throughout).

32 ] & le manton ([?] 3,  
4)

34 ] manton

35 ] prononcies 2, 3 -ciés

36 ] aussi Natifs 3, 4

37 ] par la 2, 4 par le 3.

39 ] N'avez vous pas ..  
ay enseigné (oublié 4)

24] *foot, . . . vnu* 3

Coman fe pella vou le peid e le robe.

*Allice.* Le foot, e le con.

*Kate.* Le fot, e le con, ô Iefu ! Le ne vew poinct parle,  
Sie plus deuant le che cheualres de franca,  
Pur one million ma foy

24

28] *ecoute* 3

*Allice,* Madam, de foote, e le con.

*Kate.* O et ill aufie, ecownte Allice, de han, de arma,  
De neck, de cun, le foote, e de con.

28

31] *dinner* 2.

*Allice.* Cet fort bon madam.

*Kate.* Aloues a dinner.

*Exit omnes.*

Bourbon 3

*Enter King of France Lord Constable, the Dolphin,  
and Burbon*

[III 5]

*King.* Tis certaine he is past the Riuier Some.

3] (*The . luxery*) 3

*Con.* Mordeu ma via Shall a few spranes of vs, [2 C 3.v.]  
The emptyng of our fathers luxerie,

4

Outgrow their grafters.

*Bur* Normanes, bafterd Normanes, mor du  
And if they passe vnfoughtwithall,  
Ile fell my Dukedom

[P 79]  
[COL. 2]

Kath. Nome ie recitera a vous promptement, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Maylees.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilow.

44

Alice Sans vostre honeus d'Ellow

Kath. Ainsi de ie d'Ellow, de Nick, & de Sin coment appelle vous les pied & de rola.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

48

Kath. Le Foot, & le Count: O Seigneur Dieu, il sont le mots de son mauvais corruptible grasse & impudique, & non pour le Dames de Honeur d'vser. Je ne voudray prononcer ce mots devant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, fo le Foot & le Count, neant moy, Je recitera vn autrefoys ma lecon ensemble, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Ellow, de Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

56

Kath C'est affes pour vne foyes, alons nous a dinner.

Exit

40 ] Nomme reciteray

41 ] de Nayles, Madame.

44 ] Sar 4. honneur

45 ] dis-je — de Elbow 3  
comment.

46 ] -peille

48 ] . ce sont des .

49 de son] om grosse] om

50 ] les Dames d'Honneur  
voudrois prononcer  
ces . (ven trois 3)

51 ] tout il fuit le

52 ] neant moins . reciteray

53 ] ensemble

54 ] de Count 3, 4

56 ] assez . fois, allons  
nous en dinner

Exeunt.

[III. 5]

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the  
Constable of France, and others.

King 'Tis certaine he hath past the Riuier Some  
Conſt. And if he be not fough't withall, my Lord,

Let vs not liue in France: let vs quit all,  
And glue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

4 Dolph. O Dieu vivant Shall a few Sprayes of vs,  
The emptyng of our Fathers Luxurie,  
Our Syens, put in wilde and fauage Stock,  
8 Spirte vp fo suddenly into the Clouds,  
And ouer-looke their Grafters ?

Brit. Normans, but baſtard Normans, Norman baſtards  
Mort du ma vne, if they march along  
12 Vnfought withall, but I will fell my Dukedom,

11 du] de

To

7] (part of 17, p. 88)

for a foggy farme  
In that short nooke Ile of England  
*Conf.* Why whence haue they this mettall?  
Is not their clymate raw, foggy and colde  
On whom as in disdaine, the Sunne lookes pale?  
Can barley broath, a drench for swolne Iades

8

12

16] *Ice sickles* 2.  
*Iacesickles* 3  
17] (1. *clymate*) 3  
*Iacesickles* 3.

Their sodden water decockt such huely blood?  
And shall our quick blood spirited with wine  
Seeme frosty? O for honour of our names,  
Let vs not hang like frozen Iicesickles  
Vpon our houses tops, while they a more frosty clymate  
Sweate drops of youthfull blood

16

[<sup>1, 80</sup>  
COL 1]

To buy a flobbry and a durtie Farme  
In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.

16 *Conf Dieu de Battaules*, where haue they this mettell?  
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?  
On whom, as in despight, the Sunne lookes pale,  
Killing their Fruit with frownes Can foddene Water,  
A Drench for sur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,  
20 Decoet their cold blood to such valiant heat?  
And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,  
Seeme frostie? O, for honor of our Land,  
Let vs not hang like roping Ifyckles  
24 Vpon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frostie People  
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields.  
Poore we call them, in their Native Lords.

22] for the honer 3, 4.

26] we may call

28 *Dolphin* By Faith and Honor,  
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainely fay,  
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will glue  
Their bodyes to the Lust of English Youth,  
To new-store France with Bastard Warriors  
32 *Brit* They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schooles,  
And teach *Lauolta's* high, and swift *Carranto's*,  
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,  
And that we are most loftie Run-awayes

36 *King* Where is *Montjoy* the Herald? speed him hence,  
Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.  
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,  
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field

39] hee 4

40 *Charles Delabreth*, High Constable of France,  
You Dukes of *Orleance*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,  
*Alanson*, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgonie*,  
*Iaques Chattillion*, *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,  
*Beumont*, *Grand Pree*, *Rouffi*, and *Faulconbridge*,  
44 *Loys*, *Lestrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloyes*,

41] Duke 4

42] *Burgondie*, 3, 443] *Vaudemont*,44] *Beaumont*, 3, 4

20] *guae* 2 (:) 321] *Rhone* 322 *do*] om 2.*King.* Constable dispatch, fende Montioy forth,To know what willing raunsome he will gue,  
Sonne *Dolphin* you shall stay in *Rone* with me.*Dol.* Not so I do beseech your Maiestie*King.* Well, I say it shalbe so.

20

*Exeunt omnes.*and *Flewellen* 3*Enter Gower.*

[III 6]

*Go* How now Captain *Flewellen*, / come you frō  
the bridge?*Flew.* By Iesus thers excellēt seruice cōmittedat <sup>the</sup> y<sup>e</sup> bridge.*Gour* Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe?*Flew.* The duke of *Exeter* is a mā whom I loue, / & I honor,

[p 80]  
[col. 1]

High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings,  
 For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames  
 48 Barre *Harry* England, that sweepes through our Land  
 With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew  
 Rush on his Hoast, as doth the melted Snow  
 Vpon the Valleyes, whose low Vassall Seat,  
 52 The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhewme vpon  
 Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,  
 And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan  
 Bring him our Prisoner.

56 *Const* This becomes the Great  
 Sorry am I his numbers are so few,  
 His Souldiers fikk, and famisht in their March.

58 *their*] the 3. 4  
 For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,  
 60 Hee'le drop his heart into the finck of feare,  
 And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ransome

*King* Therefore Lord Constable, haft on *Montjoy*,  
 And let him say to England, that we send,  
 64 To know what willing Ransome he will glie.

Prince *Dolphin*, you shall stay with vs in Roan  
 66 *Dolph* Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie  
*King.* Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs.

68 Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,  
 And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt*

[III 6]

*Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gower  
 and Fluellen*

Welch and English, 3. 4

*Gower.* How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from  
 the Bridge?

4 *Flu.* I assure you, there is very excellent Services com-  
 mitted at the Bridge.

*Gower.* Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

*Flu.* The Duke of Exeter is as magnanymous as *Aga-*

10 *very]* *ver n 2*11 ] *Ieshu* 312 *a man]* *om 3*19 ] *a fauour* 323-4 ] *one line 3*25 ] *Gouer's* 336 *and]* *an*38 ] *hangd* 3.

And I worship, with my soule, / and my heart, and my life, /  
 And my lands and my huings,  
 And my vttermost powers || The Duke is looke you,  
 / God be prased and pleased for it, / no harme in the worell /  
 He is maintain the bridge very gallently / there is an Ensigne  
 There, / I do not know how you call him, / but by Iefus I think  
 He is as valient a man as *Marke Anthonie*, / he doth maintain  
 the bridge most gallantly. / yet he is a man of no reckoning.  
 But I did see him do gallant seruice. [10 C 4]

*Gouer* How do you call him?*Flew* His name is ancient *Pistoll*.*Gouer* I know him not*Enter Ancient Pistoll**Flew* Do you not know him, here comes the man.*Pist.* Captaine, I thee befeech to do me fauour,The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well. (his hands)*Flew.* I, and I prafe God I haue merrited some loue at*Pist* *Bardolfe* a fouldier, one of buxsome valour,Hath by furious fate || And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,  
 That Godes blinde that stands vpon the rowling refleffe stone*Flew.* By your patience ancient *Pistoll*,

/ Fortune, looke you is painted,

Plind / with a mufler before her eyes, /

To signifie to you, that Fortune is plind :

And she is moreouer painted with a wheele,

Which is the morall that Fortune is turning,

And inconstant, and variation, and mutabilitie

And her fate is fixed at a sphericall stone

Which roules, and roules, and roules

Surely the Poet is make an excellēt descriptio of Fortune  
 Fortune looke you is and excellent morall.*Pist* Fortune is *Bardolfe*s foe, and frownes on him,  
 For he hath stolne a packs, and hanged must he be

8

12

16

20

23-4

28

32

36

[p. 80]

[COL. 2]

8

*memnon*, and a man that I loue and honour with my soule, and my heart, and my dutie, and my lue, and my lung, and my vttermost power. He is not, God be prayfed and blessed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an auncient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very conscience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony*, and hee is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did see him doe as gallant seruice.

16

*Gower.* What doe you call him?

*Flu.* Hee is call'd auncient *Pystoll*

*Gower.* I know him not.

*Enter Pystoll.*

*Flu* Here is the man.

20

*Pyst.* Captaine, I thee beseech to doe me fauours the Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well

*Flu* I, I prayse God, and I haue merited some loue at his hands

24

*Pyst Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and sound of heart, and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddesse blund, that stands vpon the rolling restlesse Stone

28

*Flu* By your patience, auncient *Pystoll*. Fortune is painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signifie to you, that Fortune is blinde, and shee is painted also with a Wheele, to signifie to you, which is the Morall of it, that shee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie, and variation and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent descripti-  
on of it Fortune is an excellent Morall

32

*Pyst* Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frownes on him for he hath stolne a Pax, and hanged must a be. a damned

38 a damned] om a

A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,  
Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe strop  
But *Exeter* hath gauen the doome of death, [40 C 4 v]  
For packs of pettie price.

Therefore go speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,  
And let not *Bardolfe* vitall threed be cut,  
With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.  
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.

*Flew* Captain *Pistoll*, I partly vnderstand your meaning  
*Pist.* Why then reioyce therefore.

*Flew* Certainly Antient *Pistoll*, / tis not a thing to reioyce at, /  
For if he were my owne brother, I would wish the Duke  
To do his pleasure, and put him to executions · / for look you,  
Disciplines ought to be kept, / they ought to be kept

*Pist.* Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendship.

*Flew.* That is good.

*Pist.* The figge of *Spaine* within thy lawe.

*Flew.* That is very well. [Exit *Pistoll*.]

*Pist* I say the fig within thy bowels and thy durty maw.

*Fle* Captain *Gour*, cannot you hear it lighten & thunder?

*Gour.* Why is this the Ancient you told me of?

I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cutpurse.

*Flew* By Iefus heers viter as pruae words vpon the bridge  
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day, / but its all one,  
What he hath fed to me, / looke you, is all one /

*Go* Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue / that goes to the wars  
Onely to grace himselfe / at his returne to London. /  
And such fellowes as he,

Are perfect in great Commaunders names  
They will learne by rote where feruices were done,  
At such and such a sconce, at such a breach,

At such a conuoy who came off brauely, who was shot,  
Who disgraced, what termes the enemie stood on.

And this they con perfectly in phrafe of warre,

53] a fig 3

62] but tis 3

72 con] can 2.

10

44

48

52

56

60

64

68

72

[p 80]

[COL. 2]

40

44

48

52

56

60

68

death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let man goe free,  
and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate but *Exeter*  
hath guen the doome of death, for Pax of little price  
Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,  
and let not *Bardolphs* vitall thred bee cut with edge of  
Penny-Cord, and vile reproach Speake Captaine for  
his Life, and I will thee require

*Flu.* Aunchient *Pistol*, I doe partly vnderstand your  
meaning

*Pist.* Why then reioyce therefore.

*Flu.* Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce  
at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would desyre  
the Duke to vse his good pleasure, and put him to execu-  
tion; for discipline ought to be vsed.

*Pist.* Dye, and be dam'd, and *Figo* for thy friendship.

*Flu* It is well

*Pist.* The Figge of Spaine. *Exit.*

*Flu.* Very good

*Gower.* Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I  
remember him now a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

*Flu.* Ile assyre you, a vtt'red as prauie words at the  
Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day but it is very  
well what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you,  
when time is ferue

*Gower.* Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and  
then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne  
into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier and such  
fellowes are perfitt in the Great Commanders Names, and  
they will learne you by rote where Services were done,  
at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Con-  
uoy who came off brauely, who was shot, who dis-  
grac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on. and this they  
conne perfittly in the phrase of Warre; which they tricke

73] *tun'd* 3.

Which they trick vp with new tuned oathes, / & what a berd  
 Of the Generalls cut, / and a horid shout of the campe / [74 D]  
 Will do among the foming bottles and alewassht wits  
 Is wonderfull to be thought on . but you must learne  
 To know such flaunderes of this age,

76

78] *meruellously* 3

Or el se you may maruellously be mistooke  
*Flew.* Certain captain *Gower*, it is not the man, / looke you,  
 That I did take him to be . / but when time shall serue,

80

I shall tell him a litle / of my desires here comes his Maestie

Enter

*Enter King, Clarence, Gloster and others.*

*King* How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge ?

*Flew.* I and it shall please your Maestie,  
 There is excellent seruice at the bridge.

84

88. *like you now*] om. 3

*King.* What men haue you lost *Flewellen* ?

*Flew* And it shall please your Maestie,  
 The partition of the aduersarie hath bene great,  
 Very reaonably great . but for our own parts, like you now,  
 I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one  
 For robbing of a church, one *Baradolfe*, if your Maestie  
 Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knubs,  
 And pumoles, and his breath blowes at his nose  
 Like a cole, sometymes red, sometymes plew :  
 But god be praised, now his nose is executed, / & his fire out /

88

92

[p. 81  
COL. 1]

vp with new-tuned Oathes· and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe among foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is wonderfull to be thought on but you must learne to know such flanders of the age, or else you may be maruellously mi-  
76 stooke.

80 *Flu.* I tell you what, Captaine *Gower* I doe perceue hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde· hearke you, the King is comming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

*Drum and Colours Enter the King and his  
poore Souldiers.*

84 *Flu.* God plesse your Maiestie.  
*King.* How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the Bridge?

88 *Flu.* I, so please your Maiestie The Duke of Exeter ha's very gallantly maintaim'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most prawe passages· marry, th'athuersarie was haue possesstion of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge I can tell your Maiestie, the Duke is a prawe man.

92 . *King* What men haue you loft, *Fluellen* ?  
*Flu* The perdition of th'athuersarie hath beene very great, reasonnable great· marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath loft neuer a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maiestie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red , but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

76 to] be be 4

81 hearke] hear 3. 4  
is] his 4.

86 ] has 3, 4

96] *here we 3.*

*King.* We would haue all offenders so cut off,  
 And we here giue expresse commaundment,  
 That there be nothing taken from the villages / but paid for,  
 None of the French abused, /  
 Or abraided with disdaingfull language  
 For when cruelty and lenitie play for a Kingdome,  
 The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

95

99] *upbraided 3.*

Or abraided with disdaingfull language  
 For when cruelty and lenitie play for a Kingdome,  
 The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

100

the *French 3*

*Enter French Herald*  
*Hera* You know me by my habit  
*Ki.* Well theē, we know thee, / what shuld we know of thee? /

104-5.] one line 3

*Hera.* My maisters minde

104

*King* Vnfold it.

*Heral.* Go thee vnto *Harry of England*, and tell him,  
 Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse [107 D v]  
 Altho we did seeme dead, we did but flumber.

108

110] *our folly, 2*

Now we speake vpon our kue, and our voyce is imperiall,  
 England shall repent her folly see her rashnesse,  
 And admire our sufferance Which to raunsome,

112

His pettinesse would bow vnder  
 For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake.  
 / For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe  
 Kneeling / at our feete, a weake and w othlesse satisfaction /  
 To this, adde defyance /

116

/ So much from the king my maister. /

[p 81]  
[col 1]

104

108

*King* Wee would haue all such offendors so cut off  
and we giue exprefſe charge, that in our Marches through  
the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Vil-  
lages; nothing taken, but pay'd for none of the French  
vpbrayded or abused in diſdaineſul Language, for when  
Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler  
Gameſter is the ſoonerſt winner.

107] *Leuity*

112

*Tucket. Enter Mountioy**Mountioy* You know me by my habit

*King.* Well then, I know thee what ſhall I know of  
thee?

*Mountioy.* My Maſters mind.*King* Vnfold it

116

120

124

128

132

*Mountioy* Thus fayes my King Say thou to *Harry*  
of England, Though we ſeem'd dead, we did but ſleepe.  
Aduantage is a better Souldier then rafhneſſe Tell him,  
wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee  
thought not good to bruife an inurie, till it were full  
ripe. Now wee ſpeake vpon our Q and our voyce is im-  
periall. England ſhall repent his folly, ſee his weake-  
neſſe, and admire our ſufferance Bid him therefore con-  
ſider of his ransome, which muſt proportion the loſſes we  
haue borne, the ſubiects we haue loſt, the diſgrace we  
haue diſteſted, which in weight to re-anſwer, his petti-  
neſſe would bow vnder. For our loſſes, his Exchequer is  
too poore; for th' effuſion of our bloud, the Muſter of his  
Kingdome too faint a number, and for our diſgrace, his  
owne perfon kneelng at our feet, but a weake and worth-  
leſſe diſtation. To this adde defiance and tell him for  
concluſion, he hath betrayed his followers, whoſe con-  
demnation is pronounc't. So farre my King and Maſter;  
ſo much my Office

115 *did] bid* 2124] *digested* 2.

120 *thy]* the 2123-4] (*Though . . . van-*  
*tage,* 3126] *lessened,*131.] *God forgiue me,* 3132. *This]* om 3  
*heire]* are 3140] *there's* 3141 *our]* your 2.143 *will]* shall 2*King* What is thy name? we know thy qualtie.*Herald Montoy.**King.* Thou doſt thy office faire, returne thee backe,

And tell thy King, I do not feeke him now.

But could be well content, without impeach,

To march on to *Callis* for to fay the foote,

Though tis no wiſdome to confeſſe ſo much

Vnto an enemie of craft and vantage.

My ſouldiers are with fickneſſe much inſeebled,

My Army leſſened, and thoſe fewe I haue,

Almoſt no better then ſo many French :

Who when they were in heart, I tell thee Herauld,

I thought vpon one paire of English legges,

Did march three French mens

Yet forgiue me God, that I do brag thus.

This your heire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me

I muſt repente, go tell thy maſter here I am,

My raunſome is this frayle and worthleſſe body,

My Army but a weake and fickly garde.

Yet God before, we will come on,

If *France* and ſuch an other neighbour

ftood in our way

If we may paſſe, we will. if we be hindered,

We ſhal your tawny ground with your red blood diſcolour

So *Montoy* get you gone, there is for your paines :

The ſum of all our anſwere is but this,

We would not feeke a battle as we are:

[142 D. 2]

Nor as we are, we fay we will not ſhun it.

*Herauld.* I ſhall deliuer ſo thanks to your Maiestie.*Glof.* My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

120

124

128

132

136

140

144

[p. 81]  
[col. 2]

*King.* What is thy name? I know thy qualtie.

*Mount. Mountroy.*

*King* Thou dooſt thy Office fairely Turne thee back,  
 136 And tell thy King, I doe not ſeeke him now,  
 But could be willing to march on to Callice,  
 Without impeachment. for to ſay the footh,  
 Though 'tis no wiſdome to confeife ſo much  
 140 Vnto an enemie of Craft and Vantage,  
 My people are with fickneſſe much enfeebleſd,  
 My numbers leſſen'd. and thoſe few I haue,  
 Almost no better then ſo many French;  
 144 Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,  
 I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges  
 Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me God,  
 That I doe bragge thus, this your ayre of France  
 148 Hath blowne that vice in me I muſt repenteſd  
 Goe therefore tell thy Maſter, heere I am,  
 My Ransome, is this frayle and wortleſſe Tunke,  
 My Army, but a weake and fickly Guard  
 152 Yet God before, tell him we will come on,  
 Though France himſelfe, and ſuch another Neighbor  
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour Mountroy.  
 Goe bid thy Maſter well aduife himſelfe.  
 156 If we may paſſe, we will. if we be hindred,  
 We ſhall your tawnie ground with your red blood  
 Discolour and ſo Mountroy, fare you well  
 The fumme of all our Anſwer is but this.  
 160 We would not ſeeke a Battaile as we are,  
 Nor as we are, we ſay we will not ſhun it  
 So tell your Maſter.

*Mount.* I ſhall deliuer ſo Thankes to your Highneſſe.

164 *Glouc.* I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

144. *thee*] *th* 3

148.] Exit 3 (Ital)

and *Gebon* 3

*King.* We are in Gods hand brother, not in thens

To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,  
And on to morrow bid them march away.

148

*Enter* Burbon, Conftable, Orleance, Gebon.

[III 7]

*Conft.* Tut I haue the best armour in the world

*Orleance* You haue an excellent armour,  
But let my horfe haue his due.

8 a the] of the 3

*Burbon* Now you talke of a horfe, / I haue a steed like the  
Palfrey of the sun, / nothing but pure ayre and fire, /  
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

4

*Orleance.* He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.  
*Bur.* And of the heate, a the Ginger.

8

[See lines  
5-6 above ]

[p 81]  
[COL. 2]

168

*King* We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs :  
 March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,  
 Beyond the Riuver wee'le encampe our selues,  
 And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt*

[III. 7]

*Enter the Constalle of France, the Lord Ramlurs,  
 Orleance, Dolphin, with others*

*Orleans, 4.*

*Const.* Tut, I haue the best Armour of the World .  
 would it were day.

4 *Orleance.* You haue an excellent Armour but let my  
 Horse haue his due.

*Const.* It is the best Horse of Europe.  
*Orleance* Will it neuer be Morning ?  
 8 *Dolph.* My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Con-  
 stable, you talke of Horse and Armour ?  
*Orleance* You are as well prouided of both, as any  
 Prince in the World

12 *Dolph.* What a long Night is this ? I will not change  
 my Horse with any that treads but on foure postures :  
 ch'ha he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were  
 hayres. *le Cheual volante*, the Pegasus, *ches les narines de*  
 16 *feu.* When I bestryde him, I foare, I am a Hawke. he trots  
 the ayre : the Earth singes, when he touches it : the baseft  
 horne of his hoofe, is more Muficall then the Pipe of  
*Hermes.*

20 *Orleance* Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.  
 24 *Dolph* And of the heat of the Ginger It is a Beauf  
 for *Perseus* : hee is pure Ayre and Fire ; and the dull Ele-  
 ments of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but on-  
 ly in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him : hee  
 is indeede a Horse, and all other Iades you may call  
 Beaufs.

12 ] *pasternes*14 ] *volant,*

Turne all the lands into eloquent tongues,  
And my horse is argument for them all

11 *the*] om 2

12 Wonder of nature ]

Ital 2

13 ] haue haue 2

I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,  
And began thus Wonder of nature.

Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,  
In the praise of ones Mistresse

Burb. Why then did they immitate / that  
Which I wrt in prais of my horse, /  
For my horse is my mistresse.

12

16

18 ] *me-thought* 3.

Con. Ma foy the other day, me thought  
Your mistresse shooke you shrewdly.

[p 82  
col. 1]

*Conf.* Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

28

*Dolph* It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

32

*Orlance*. No more Coufin.

36

*Dolph* Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deferued prayse on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea. Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all 'tis a subiect for a Soueraigne to reas on, and for a Soueraignes Soueraigne to ride on. And for the World, familiar to vs, and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayse, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature*

40

*Orlance*. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistresse.

44

*Dolph*. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistresse

48

*Orlance*. Your Mistresse bears well

*Dolph*. Me well, which is the p[er]script prayse and perfection of a good and particular Mistresse.

52

*Conf.* Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistresse shrewdly shooke your back.

56

*Dolph*. So perhaps did yours

*Conf.* Mine was not bridled

*Dolph*. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hose off, and in your strait Stroffers

34] *Threame 2*39] *a-part 3 a-part 4*47 *Dolph*] *Well 2*55 *your*] *you 3, 4*

*Dolph*. Be warn'd by me then they that ride so, and

23 *had had] had*

*Bur.* I bearing me. I tell thee Lord Constable,  
My mistresse weares her owne haire.

*Con.* I could make as good a boast of that,  
If I had had a sow to my mistresse.

20

*Bur.* Tut thou wilt make vse of anything.

*Con.* Yet I do not vse my horse for my mistresse.

24

27] to 2.

*Bur.* Will it neuer be morning?

Ile ride too morrow a mle,  
And my way shalbe paued with English faces.

28

*Con.* By my faith so will not I,  
For feare I be outfaced of my way. .

30.] *out-faced* 3.

[For fol lines 86-9, see Q<sup>o</sup> lines 52-6]

Exit 3. (Ital.)

*Bur.* Well ile go arme my selfe, hay.

*Gebon.* The Duke of *Burbon* longs for morning

32

[p. 82]

[col 1]

60

ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather haue  
my Horse to my Mistresse.

*Conſt.* I had as lue haue my Mistresse a Iade.

*Dolph.* I tell thee Conſtable, my Mistresse weares his  
owne hayre.

64

*Conſt.* I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a  
Sow to my Mistresse.

*Dolph.* *Le chien eſt retourne a ſon propre vemſſement eſt  
la leuye lauee au lourlier:* thou makſt vſe of any thing.

68

*Conſt.* Yet doe I not vſe my Horse for my Mistresse,  
or any ſuch Prouerbe, ſo little kin to the purpose.

*Ramb.* My Lord Conſtable, the Armour that I ſaw in  
your Tent to night, are thoſe Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

72

*Conſt.* Starres my Lord

*Dolph.* Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope

*Conſt.* And yet my Sky shall not want

76

*Dolph.* That may be, for you beare a many ſuperflu-  
ously, and 'twere more honor ſome were away.

*Conſt.* Eu'n as your Horse beares your prayſes, who  
would trot as well, were ſome of your bragges diſmount-  
ed

80

*Dolph.* Would I were able to loade him with his de-  
fert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile,  
and my way shall be paued with English Faces.

84

*Conſt.* I will not ſay ſo, for feare I ſhould be fac't out  
of my way but I would it were morning, for I would  
faine be about the eares of the English.

88

*Ramb.* Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie  
Prifoners?

*Conſt.* You muſt firſt goe your ſelfe to hazard, ere you  
haue them.

*Dolph.* 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my ſelfe. *Exit.*

*Orleance.* The Dolphin longs for morning.

61 *lue*] *heve* 3, 4.

66] -ne .. vomiſſement,

86 *to*] *om* 3, 4[86-9, see Q<sup>o</sup> II 52-5, p.  
xi0]

	<i>Or.</i> I he longs to eate the English.	
35.] <i>neuer neuer 2</i>	<i>Con.</i> I thinke heele eate all he killes.	
	<i>Orle.</i> O peace, ill will neuer said well.	
	<i>Con.</i> Ile cap that prouerbe,	36
37.] <i>theres 2, theres 3</i>	With there is flattery in friendship.	
	<i>Or</i> O fir, I can answere that,	
	With glie the diuel his due	
	<i>Con.</i> Haue at the eye of that prouerbe,	40
	With a logge of the diuel	
	<i>Or.</i> Well the Duke of <i>Burlon</i> , is simply,	
	The most a <sup>t</sup> ture Gentleman of <i>France</i> .	
45.] <i>of 2</i>	<i>Con.</i> Doing his actiutie, and heele stil be doing.	44
	<i>Or.</i> He neuer did hurt as I heard off.	
	<i>Con.</i> No I warrant you, nor neuer will.	
	<i>Or.</i> I hold him to be exceeding valiant.	
	<i>Con.</i> I was told so by one that knows him better thē you.	48
	<i>Or.</i> Whose that?	
	<i>Con.</i> Why he told me so himselfe.	
	And said he cared not who knew it.	
	<i>Or.</i> Well who will go with me to hazard,	52
	For a hundred English prisoners?	86
	<i>Con.</i> You must go to hazard your selfe,	87
	Before you haue them.	88
		89]

[For fol 120-1, see Qto 40-1]

[p 82]  
[ccr 2]*Ramb* He longs to eate the English.*Const.* I thinke he will eate all he kills.*Orleance.* By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

96

*Const.* Sweare by her Foot, that she may tread out the Oath.*Orleance.* He is simply the most active Gentleman of France

100

*Const.* Doing is actiutie, and he will still be doing.*Orleance.* He never did harme, that I heard of.*Const.* Nor will doe none to morrow. hee will keepe that good name still.

104

*Orleance* I know him to be valant.*Const.* I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.*Orleance.* What's hee?

108

*Const.* Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee car'd not who knew it*Orleance.* Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

112

*Const.* By my faith Sir, but it is never any body saw it, but his Lacquey. 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appeares, it will bate.*Orleance* Ill will never sayd well

116

*Const.* I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie in friendship*Orleance* And I will take vp that with, Gue the Deuill his due

120

*Const* Well plac't there stands your friend for the Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A Pox of the Deuill.

124

*Orleance* You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much a Fooles Bolt is foone shot.

60. a. an 1 & an 2 an 3.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My Lords, the English lye within a hundred  
Paces of your Tent

56

*Con.* Who hath measured the ground?

*Mess.* The Lord *Granpeere.*

*Con.* A valiant man, a. an expert Gentleman.

Come, come away: [61-2, see Fol IV n 63-4]

60

The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day *Exit omnes.*

[62 D. 3.]

[p. 82]  
[COL. 2]*Const.* You haue shot ouer.*Orlance.* 'Tis not the first time you were ouer-shot.*Enter a M<sup>e</sup>ssenger.*128 *M<sup>e</sup>ff.* My Lord high Constable, the English lye within  
fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.*Const* Who hath measur'd the ground?*M<sup>e</sup>ff.* The Lord *Grandpree*.132 *Const* A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would  
it were day? Alas poore *Harry* of England hee longs  
not for the Dawning, as wee doe.136 *Orlance* What a wretched and peeuiish fellow is this  
King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers  
so farre out of his knowledge.*Const.* If the English had any apprehenfion, they  
would runne away140 *Orlance.* That they lack for if their heads had any  
intellectual Armour, they could neuer weare such heauie  
Head-pieces.144 *Ramb.* That Land of England breedes very valiant  
Creatures, their Mastiffes are of vnmatchable cour-  
rage148 *Orlance.* Foolish Curres, that runne winking into  
the mouth of a Russian Beare, and haue their heads crusht  
like rotten Apples. you may as well say, that's a valiant  
Flea, that dare eate his breakefast on the Lipe of a  
Lyon.152 *Const.* Iust, iust, and the men doe sympathize with  
the Mastiffes, in robustious and rough comming on,  
leauing their Wits with their Wiues. and then gue  
them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele, they  
will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deniils*Orlance.* I,135 ] *followers* 2140 ] *weare* any such 3, 4148 ] *dare to eate* 3, 4

114 *The Chronicle History of Henry the fift* Quarto 1600 [ACT III. SC 7.]

[p 83]  
[COL. I]  
156

*Orleane.* I, but these English are shrowdly out of  
'Beefe

155] *shrewdly*

*Const.* Then shall we finde to morrow, they haue only  
stomackes to eate, and none to fight Now is it time to  
arme come, shall we about it?

160 *Orleane* It is now two a Clock but let me see, by ten  
Wee shall haue each a hundred English men *Exeunt*

161] *Englishmen*

[IV]

*Actus Tertius**Chorus*

Now entertaïne conjecture of a time,  
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke  
Fills the wide Vessell of the Vniuersit  
4 From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night  
The Humme of eyther Army fully sounds,  
That the fixt Centinels almost receiue  
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.  
8 Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames  
Each Battaile sees the others ymber'd face.  
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs  
Piercing the Nights dull Eare and from the Tents,  
12 The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,  
With busie Hammers closing Riuets vp,  
Giue dreadfull note of preparation  
The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle  
16 And the third howre of drowsie Morning nam'd,  
Prowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,  
The confident and ouer-lustie French,



[p 83]

[col. 1]

20

Doe the low-rated English play at Dice,  
 And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,  
 Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe  
 So tediously away The poore condemned English,  
 Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires

24

Sit patiently, and only ruminante  
 The Mornings danger and their gesture sad,  
 Inuesting lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Couers,  
 Presented them vnto the gazing Moone

28

So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold  
 The Royall Captaine of this run'd Band  
 Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent,  
 Let him cry, Prayse and Glory on his head

32

For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoast,  
 Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,  
 And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen  
 Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,

36

How dread an Army hath enrounded him,  
 Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour  
 Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night.

40

But freshly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,  
 With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maestie  
 That euery Wretch, pining and pale before,  
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes  
 A Largesse vniuersall, like the Sunne,

44

His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,  
 Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all  
 Behold, as may vnwoorthinessse define.

A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,

48

And so our Scene must to the Battaille flye  
 Where, O for pitty, we shall much disgrace,  
 With foure or five most vile and ragged foyles,  
 (Right ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)

35 *his] this*46 ] *define,*



[P. 83]  
[COL. 2]

The Name of Agncourt Yet fit and fee,  
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee

*Exit*

[IV. 1]

*Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester*

King Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,  
The greater therefore should our Courage be  
God morrow Brother Bedford God Almighty,  
4 There is some soule of goodness in things euill,  
Would men obseruingly distill it out  
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirres,  
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry  
8 Besides, they are our outward Consciences,  
And Preachers to vs all, admonishing,  
That we shoulde dress vs fairely for our end  
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,  
12 And make a Morall of the Diuell himselfe

3 ] *Good morrow 3, 4.**Enter Erpingham.*

Good morrow old Sir Thomas Erpingham  
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,  
Were better then a churlish turfe of France  
16 Erping Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,  
Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

King 'Tis good for men to loue their present paines,  
Vpon example, so the Spirit is eased  
20 And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt  
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,  
Breake vp their drowsie Graue, and newly moue  
With cattif flough, and fresh legerite  
24 Lend me thy Cloake Sir Thomas Brothers both,  
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe,  
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon

18 ] *paine,*23 ] *celerity 3. 4*

the om 2	<i>Enter the King dyguised, to him Pifstoll.</i>	[IV. 1]
3] thou a 3	<i>Pifst</i> Ke ve la?	
	<i>King</i> A friend	
	<i>Pifst</i> Difcus vnto me, art thou Gentleman?	
	Or art thou common, base, and popeler?	4
	<i>King</i> No fir, I am a Gentleman of a Company	
	<i>Pifst</i> Trailes thou the puissant pike?	
	<i>King</i> Euen so fir What are you?	
	<i>Pifst</i> As good a gentleman as the Emperour	8
	<i>King</i> O then thou art better then the King?	
	<i>Pifst</i> The kings a bago, and a hart of gold.	
11 <i>Pifst</i> ] om	<i>Pifst</i> A lad of life, an impe of fame	
	Of parents good, of fift most valiant.	12
	I kis his durtie shoe and from my hart strings	
	I loue the louely bully What is thy name?	
	<i>King. Harry le Roy</i>	
	<i>Pifst</i> Le Roy, a Cornifh man	16
	Art thou of Cornifh crew?	
	<i>King</i> No fir, I am a Wealchman	
	<i>Pifst</i> A Wealchman knowft thou <i>Flewellen</i> ?	
	<i>King</i> I fir, he is my kinfman.	20

[l. 83]  
[col. 2]

Desire them all to my Pau llion

28

*Gloster.* We shall, my Liege*Erping.* Shall I attend your Grace?*King.* No, my good Knight

Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England

32

I and my Bosome must debate a while,

And then I would no other company

*Erping* The Lord in Heauen bleſſe theſe, Noble*Harry.**Ereunt**King* God a mercy old Heart, thou ſpeakſt cheare-  
fully*Enter Piffloll*

36

*Piffl* Che vous la?*King* A friend*Piffl* Diſcufe vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou  
baſe, common, and popular?

40

*King.* I am a Gentleman of a Company

40 am a] am 4

*Piffl* Traylſt thou the puriſtant Pyke?*King* Euen ſo what are you?*Piffl* As good a Gentleman as the Emperor

44

*King.* Then you are a better then the King

44 a] om 4

*Piffl* The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a  
Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fift  
moft valiant. I kiffe his durtie ſhooe, and from heart-  
ſtrong I loue the louely Bully What is thy Name?

48

*King Harry le Roy**Piffl* Le Roy, a Corniſh Name art thou of Corniſh Crew?

52

*King* No, I am a Welchman.*Piffl* Know'ſt thou Fluellen?*King.* Yes*Piffl* Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon

S. Daunes day

56

*King* Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe  
that day, leaſt he knock that about yours

57] leſt 3, 4.

*Pif* Art thou his friend?

*Kin* I fir

*Pif.* Figa for thee then my name is *Pifoll*

*Kin.* It forte well with your fiercenesse

*Pif* *Pifoll* is my name

*Exit Pifoll*

24

*Enter Gower and Fleuellen*

*Gowr* Captaine *Fleuellen*.

*Flew* In the name of Iesu speake lewer

It is the greatest folly in the worell, when the auncient

Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept

I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,

You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bible bable there

[31 D 3 v]

28

But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,

And the ceremonies, to be otherwife.

32

*Gowr.* Why the enemy is loud you heard him all night

*Flew* Godes follud, if the enemy be an Affe & a Foole,

And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be also / a foole,

And a prating cocks-come, / in your conscience now ? /

36

*Gowr.* Ile speake lower.

*Flew* I beseech you do, good Captaine *Gowr*

*Exit Gower, and Fleuellen*

*Kin.* Tho it appeare a litle out of fashion,

Yet theres much care in this

40

*Enter three Souldiers*

[p 84]  
[col. 1]*Pifte* Art thou his friend?*King* And his Kinsman too

60

*Pifte* The *Figo* for thee then*King.* I thanke you God be with you*Pifte* My name is *Pifstol* call'd *Exit.**King.* It sorts well with your fiercenesse*Manet King**Enter Fluellen and Gower*

64

*Gower* Captaine *Fluellen*

68

*Flu* 'So, in the Name of Iesu Christ, speake fewer it is the greatest admiration in the vnuerfall World, when the true and auncient Prerogatives and Lawes of the Warres is not kept if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble bable in *Pompeyes* Campe I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modestie of it, to be otherwif.

72

*Gower* Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night

76

*Flu.* If the Enemie is an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, is it meet, thinke you, that wee should alfo, looke you, be an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conscience now?

80

*Gow* I will speake lower*Flu* I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. *Exit.*

84

*King.* Though it appeare a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welchman.67 ] *ancient* 470-1 ] *tiddle* *babble*  
3. 4*Enter three Souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court,  
and Michael Williams*

1. *Soul* Is not that the morning yonder?

2. *Soul* I we see the beginning,  
God knowes whether we shall see the end or no

44

3. *Soul*. Well I thinke the king could wish himselfe  
Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,  
And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.

*Kin.* Now masters god morrow, what cheare?

3. *S.* Ifaith small cheer some of vs is like to haue,  
Ere this day ende

*Kin.* Why fear nothing man, the king is frolike.

2. *S.* I he may be, for he hath no fuch cause as we  
*Kin.* Nay fay not so, he is a man as we are

The Violet smels to him as to vs

48

52

48] *good* 350] *day to an end* 3.52 *be]* om 2  
*suck]* om 354. *as to]* *as unto* 3

Therefore if he see reafons, he feares as we do

[p. 84]  
[COL. 1]

*Court* Brother *John Bates*, is not that the Morning  
which breakes yonder?

88 *Bates* I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cause to  
desire the approach of day.

*Williams*. Wee see yonder the beginning of the day,  
but I thinke wee shal never see the end of it Who goes  
there?

92 *King*. A Friend

*Williams* Vnder what Captaine serue you?

*King* Vnder Sir *John Erpingham*

96 *Williams* A good old Commander, and a most kinde  
Gentleman. I pray you, what thinkes he of our estate?

*King* Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to  
be wafht off the next Tyde.

100 *Bates*. He hath not told his thought to the King?

104 *King* No nor it is not meet he shold for though I  
speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am  
the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me, the Element  
shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but  
humane Conditions his Ceremonies layd by, in his Na-  
kednesse he appeares but a man, and though his affections  
are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe,  
they stoupe with the like wing therefore, when he sees  
reason of feares, as we doe, his feares, out of doubt, be of  
the same relish as ours are yet in reason, no man shold  
posseſſe him with any appearance of feare, leaſt hee, by  
ſhewing it, ſhould diſ-heaten his Army

112 *Bates* He may ſhew what outward courage he will  
but I beleue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wiſh him-  
ſelfe in Thames vp to the Neck, and ſo I would he were,  
and I by him, at all aduentures, ſo we were quit here

116 *King* By my troth, I will ſpeake my conſcience of the

110] *last 3, 4*

2 Sol. But the king hath a heauy reckoning to make,  
If his cause be not good when all those soules  
Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,  
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,  
And say *I* dyed at such a place. Some swearing  
Some their wiues rawly left  
Some leauing their children poore behind them

56

60

[62 D 4]

Now if his cause be bad, / I think it will be a greeuous matter  
(to him /

[Fol 144-6, see Quarto 69, 70, 71 ]

King. Why so you may say, if a man send his seruant  
As Factor into another Countrey,  
And he by any meanes miscarry,

64

[2. 84]  
[COL 2]

King I thinke hee would not wish himselfe any where,  
but where hee is

120 *Bates*. Then I would he were here alone, so should he be  
sure to be ransomed, and a many poore mens lues saved

124 *King* I dare say, you loue him not so ill, to wish him  
here alone howsoeuer you speake this to feele other  
mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so con-  
tent, as in the Kings company, his Cause being iust, and  
his Quarrell honorable

128 *Williams* That's more then we know  
132 *Bates* I, or more then wee should feeke after, for wee  
know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subjects  
if his Causē be wrong, our obedience to the King wipēs  
the Cryme of it out of vs

136 *Williams* But if the Causē be not good, the King him-  
selfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all those  
Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile,  
shall royne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dy-  
ed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Sur-  
gean, some vpon their Wives, left poore behind them,  
some vpon the Debts they owe, some vpon their Children  
rawly left I am afear'd, there are few dye well, that dye  
in a Battaile for how can they charitably dispose of any  
thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men  
doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King,  
that led them to it, who to disobey, were against all pro-  
portion of subiection.

144 *King* So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about  
Merchandize, doe sinfully miscarry vpon the Sea, the im-  
putation of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be im-  
posed vpon his Father that sent him or if a Seruant, vnder  
his Masters command, transportring a summe of Mo-  
ney, be affayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd

139 *Hom*136] *Surgeon*,139 *a] om*142] *whom* 3, 4

68 ] *mis-fortune*

You may say the busynesse of the maister,  
 Was the author of his seruants misfortune  
 Or if a sonne be employd by his father,  
 And he fall into any leaud action, you may say the father  
 Was the author of his sonnes damnation

68

72.] *servant, 3*

But the master is not to answere for his seruants,  
 The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects  
 For they purpose not their deaths, / whē they craue their ser-  
 Some there are that haue the gift / of premeditated (uices /  
 Murder on them /  
 Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens

72

76

78 ] *out-strip 3*

Now if these outfliep the lawe,  
 Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.  
 War is Gods Beadle War is Gods vengeance

80

Euery mans seruice is the kings  
 But euery mans soule is his owne  
 Therfore I would haue euery fouldier examine himselfe,  
 And wash euery moath out of his conscience  
 That in so doing, he may be the readier for death  
 Or not dying, why the time was well spent,  
 Wherein such preparation was made

84

[p 84]  
[col. 2]

152

156

160

164

168

172

176

180

Iniuities, you may call the busynesse of the Master the author of the Seruants damnation but this is not so  
 The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master of his Seruant, for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their seruices Befides, there is no King, be his Caule neuer so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all vnspotted Souldiers some (peraduenturie) haue on them the guilt of premeditated and contriued Murther, some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periurie, some, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue before gored the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie Now, if these men haue defeated the Law, and outrunne Natiue punishment, though they can out-strip men, they haue no wings to flye from God Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance so that here men are punisht, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrell where they feared the death, they haue borne life away, and where they would bee safe, they perishe Then if they dye vnprouided, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are now visted. Euerie Subiects Dutie is the Kings, but euerie Subiects Soule is his owne Therefoire should euerie Souldier in the Warres doe as euerie sicke man in his Bed, wase euerie Moth out of his Conscience and dying so, Death is to him aduantage, or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gayned and in him that escapes, it were not finne to thanke, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-lue that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others how they should prepare.

175 *lote* om 4*Will 'Tis*

88] 3 Soul 2, 3	3 <i>Lord</i> Yfaith he fates true Euery mans fault on his owne head, I would not haue the king answere for me Y et I intend to fight lustily for him	88
89] is on 3		
92, he] om 3	<i>King</i> Well, I heard the king, he wold not be ransomde.	92
93] 2 Sol 2 2 Soul 3	2 <i>L</i> I he said so, to make vs fight But when our throates be cut, he may be ransomde, And we neuer the wiser <i>King</i> If I lme to see that, Ile neuer trust his word againe [95 D 4 v]	95
	2 <i>Sol</i> Mas youle pay him then, / tis a great displeasure That an elder / gun, can do against a cannon, / Or a subiect against a monarke	
100] you are an asse 2, you are a nasse 3	Youle nere take his word again, your a nasse goe <i>King</i> Your reprooфе is somewhat too bitter Were it not at this time I could be angry 2 <i>Sol.</i> Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt	100
	<i>King.</i> How shall I know thee?	104
105] Here's 3	2 <i>Sol</i> Here is my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat, Ile challenge thee, and ftrike thee	
107.] Kere 2	<i>Kin</i> Here is likewise another of mine,	
108] And ile assur 2	And assur thee ile weare it	108

[p. 85]

[col. 1]

184

*Will.* 'Tis certaine, euery man that dyes ill, the ill vpon his owne head, the King is not to answer it

183] ill is v<sup>t</sup> 3. 4184] for n<sup>t</sup> 3. 4

*Bates.* I doe not desire bee should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustly for him

188

*King.* I my selfe heard the King say he would not be ransom'd

*Will.* I, hee said so, to make vs fight chearefully but when our throats are cut, hee may be ransom'd, and wee ne're the wiser.

192

*King* If I lue to see it, I will neuer trust his word after

194 out] our 4

195 and a] a om 3. 4

196

*Will.* You pay him then that's a perillous shot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate displeasure can doe against a Monarch you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacocke's feather You'l never trust his word after, come, 'tis a foolish saying

198] after, 2. 3. (!) 4.

200

*King.* Your reprooфе is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

201 were] om 4

*Will.* Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you lue.

204

*King* I embrace it

*Will.* How shall I know thee againe?

208

*King.* Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet Then if euer thou darft acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell

*Will.* Heere's my Gloue Giue mee another of thine

*King.* There.

212

*Will.* This will I also weare in my Cap if euer thou come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare

214 take] gave 3. 4

*King* If euer I lue to see it, I will challenge it.

2 *Sol* Thou dar'st as well be hangd

xxx ] scene 3

3 *Sol* Be friends you fooles,  
We haue French quarrels a now in hand  
We haue no need of English broyles

112

*Kim* Tis no treafon to cut French crownes,  
For to morrow the king himselfe wil be a clippere.

*Exit the souldiers*

[p. 85]  
[COL. I]*Will.* Thou dar'st as well be hang'd*King* Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the  
Kings compaines*Will* Keepe thy word. fare thee well220 *Bates* Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee  
haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.*Exit Souldiers.*

Exeunt

224 *King.* Indeede the French may lay twentie French  
Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them  
on their shoulders but it is no English Treason to cut  
French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will  
be a Clipper228 Upon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,  
Our Debts, our carefull Wiues,  
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King  
We must beare all.231 *We*] *He* 3, 4232 O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatneffe,  
Subiect to the breath of euery foole, whose fence  
No more can feele, but his owne wringing  
What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect,235 ] *heart-ease* 3, 4

236 That priuate men enjoy ?

And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too,  
Sauie Ceremonie, sauie generall Ceremonie ?

And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie ?

240 What kind of God art thou ? that suffer'st more  
Of mortall grieves, then doe thy worshippers  
What are thy Rents ? what are thy Commings in ?  
O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth244 What ? is thy Soule of Odoration ?  
Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme,  
Creating awe and feare in other men ?  
Wherin thou art leffe happy, being fear'd,244 ] *Soul* 3, 4 *Adora-*  
*tion* ?

248 Then they in fearing



[P 85]  
[col 2]

What druk'ſt thou oft, in ſtead of Homage to Set,  
 But poſon'd flatterie? O, be fick, great Greatefe,  
 And bid thy Ceremonie gue thee cure  
 252 Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out  
 With Titles blowne from Adulation?  
 Will it gue place to flexure and low bending?  
 Canſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggers knee,  
 256 Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dreame,  
 That play'ſt ſo ſubtilly with a Kings Repofe.  
 I am a King that find thee. and I know,  
 'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,  
 260 The Sword, the Maſe, the Crowne Imperiall,  
 The enter-tiſued Robe of Gold and Pearle,  
 The farſed Title running 'fore the King,  
 The Throne he fits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,  
 264 That beates vpon the high ſhore of this Woſd  
 No, not all theſe, thrice-gorgeouſ Ceremonie,  
 Not all theſe, lay'd in Bed Maeftiall,  
 Can ſleepe ſo ſoundly, as the wretched Slaue  
 268 Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,  
 Gets him to reſt, cram'd with diſtrefſefull bread,  
 Neuer ſees horridē Night, the Child of Hell  
 But like a Lacquey, from the Rife to Set,  
 272 Sweates in the eye of *Phabus*; and all Night  
 Sleepes in *Elzium* next day after dawne,  
 Doth rife and helpe *Hiperio* to his Horſe,  
 276 And followes ſo the euer-running yeere  
 With profitable labour to his Graue  
 And but for Ceremonie, ſuch a Wretch,  
 Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with ſleepe,  
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King  
 280 The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace,  
 Enyoies it, but in groſſe braine little wots,

254 *Will It be* 2257 *That*] *Thou* 3, 4265 ] *Ceremonies*,272 ] *Phabus* 4274 ] *Hiperion*

Enter to the 3

*Enter the King, Gloster, Epingam, and Attendants.*117] *opposed* 2118] *appale* 3119] *too* . *too* 03

K O God of battels steele my souldiers harts,  
 Take from them now the fence of rekconing,  
 That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,  
 May not appall their courage  
 O not to day, not to day ô God,  
 Thinke on the fault my father made,  
 In compaffing the crowne  
 I Richards bodie haue interred new,  
 And on it hath bestowd more contrite teares,  
 Then from it issued forced drops of blood  
 A hundred men haue I in yearly pay,  
 Which euery day their withered hands hold vp  
 To heauen to pardon blood,  
 And I haue built rwo chancies,

[125 E]

128] *two*

more wil I do  
 Tho all that I can do, is all too litle.

116

120

124

128

134] *day,**Enter Gloster**Glost* My Lord*King.* My brother *Glosters* voyce*Glost* My Lord, the Army stayes vpon your prefence.*King* Stay *Gloster* stay, and I will go with thee,  
 The day my friends, and all things stayes for me

132

[p. 85]  
[col 2]

What watch the King keepes, to maaintaine the peace,  
Whose howres, the Pesant best aduantages

*Enter Erpingham*

284 *Erp* My Lord, your Nobles iealous of your absence,  
Seeke through your Campe to find you.

*King* Good old Knight, collect them all together  
At my Tent Ile be before thee

288 *Erp* I shall doo't, my Lord *Exit*

*King* O God of Battales, steele my Souldiers hear's,  
Posseſſe them not with feare Take from them now  
The fence of reckning of th'opposed numbers

292 Pluck their hearts from them Not to day, O Lord,  
O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault

My Father made, in compaſſing the Crowne  
*I Richards* body haue interred new,

296 And on it haue bestowed more contrite teares,  
Then from it riſued forced drops of blood  
Five hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,

Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp  
Toward Heauen, to pardon blood

300 And I haue built two Chauntries,  
Where the sad and solemne Priests sing ſtill

For *Richards* Soule More will I doe

304 Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth,  
Since that my Penitence comes after all,  
Imploring pardon

*Enter Glouceſter*

*Glouc* My Liege

308 *King.* My Brother *Glouceſters* voyce? I  
I know thy errand, I will goe with thee  
The day, my friend, and all things ſtay for me.

291 *th'*] the 3, 4

308 I ] om 3, 4

*Exeunt.*

138    *The Chronicle History of Henry the fift*    Quarto 1600    [ACT IV SC 2.]

[p. 86]  
[COL. 1]

*Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramlurs, and  
Beaumont*

*Orleance* The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my  
Lords

*Dolph. Monte Cheual* My Horſe, *Verlot Lacquay*  
Ha

*Orleance* Oh braue Spirit

4 *Dolph Via les eues & terre*

*Orleance Rien puis le air & feu.*

*Dolph Cen, Cousin Orleance* *Enter Conſtable*

Now my Lord Conſtable,

8 *Conſt Hearke how our Steedes, for preſent Seruice  
neigh.*

*Dolph. Mount them, and make inciſion in their Hides,  
That their hot blood may ſpin in Engliſh eyes,  
And doubt them with ſuperfluouſ courage ha*

12 *Ram What, wil you haue them weep our Horſes blood?  
How ſhall we then behold their naturall teares?*

*Enter Meſſenger.*

*Meſſeng The English are embattail'd, you French  
Peeres*

16 *Conſt. To Horſe you gallant Princes, ſtraight to Horſe.  
Doe but behold yond poore and ſtarued Band,  
And your faire ſhew ſhall fuck away their Soules,  
Leauing them but the ſhales and huskes of men  
There is not worke enough for all our hands,  
Scarce blood enough in all their fickly Veines,  
To giue each naked Curtleax a ſtayne,  
That our French Gallants ſhall to day draw out,  
And ſheathe for lack of ſport Let vs but blow on them,  
The vapour of our Valour will o'returne them  
'Tis poſitue againſt all exceptions, Lords,  
That our ſuperfluouſ Lacquies, and our Peſants,*

1] *trmour, up 2, 3. Ar-  
mour, up, 4*

3 *Verlot] Valet*

6] *Cen 3, 4.*

21] *Curtle-ax 4*

23] *them 4*

25] *'gainſt  
exception 3, 4.*

140     *The Chronicle Historie of Heniy the fift*     Quarto 1600.     [ACT IV. SC 2]

[P 86]

[COL. 1]

28

Who in vnneceſſarie action ſwarme  
 About our Squares of Battaile, were enow  
 To purge this field of ſuch a hilding Foe,  
 Though we vpon this Mountaines Bafis by,  
 Tooke ſtand for idle ſpeculation

32 But that our Honours muſt not. What's to ſay?

A very little little let vs doe,  
 And all is done then let the Trumpets ſound  
 The Tucket Sonnance, and the Note to mount  
 36 For our approach ſhall ſo much dare the field,  
 That England ſhall couch downe in feare, and yeeld

*Enter Graundpreē*

*Grandpreē* Why do you ſtay ſo long, my Lords of France?  
 Yond Iland Carrions, desperate of their bones,

40 Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field  
 Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loofe,  
 And our Ayre ſhakes them paſſing ſcornefully.  
 Bigge *Mars* feemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoaſt,  
 And faintly through a rufie Beuer peepes

44 The Horſemen ſit like fixed Candleſticks,  
 With Torch-ſtaues in their hand and their poore Iades  
 Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips

48 The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,  
 And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt  
 Lyes foule with chaw'd-graffe, ſtill and motionleſſe  
 And their executors, the knauifh Crowes,  
 Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre.

52 Description cannot fute it ſelfe in words,  
 To demonſtrate the Life of ſuch a Battaile,  
 In hfe ſo liueleſſe, as it ſhewes it ſelfe

56 *Conf.* They haue laid their prayers,  
 And they ſtay for death.

*Dolph* Shall we goe ſend them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,

40 ] *Ill-fauoredly* 3  
*Ill-fauor'dly* 447 ] *drooping the hide*50 ] *chaw'd grasse*

*Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisburie.*

[IV. 3]

2] *There's . . . are all 3*

*War.* My Lords the French are very strong.

*Exe* There is fiew to one, and yet they all are fresh

*War* Of fighting men they haue full fortie thousand.

*Sal* The oddes is all too great.

Farewell kind Lords

4

7] *Cla, . . . Lords, 3*

*Braue Clarence, and my Lord of Gloster,*

*My Lord of Warwiche, and to all farewell*

*Clar* Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,

And yet in truth, I do thee wrong,

For thou art made on the rruue sparkes of honour.

8

9] *true*

*Enter the King 2*

*Enter King*

*War.* O would we had but ten thousand men

Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England

*King* Whose that, that wifhes so, my Cousen *Warwick*?

12

[p 86]

[COL. 2]

60

And gue their fasting Horses Prouender,  
And after fight with them?

*Conf* I stay but for my Guard on  
To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,  
And vse it for my haste Come, come away,  
The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day

*Ereunt.*

64

[IV. 3]

*Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham  
with all his Hoast Salisbury, and  
Wesmerland.*

*Glouc* Where is the King?*Bedf* The King himselfe is rode to view their Battaille*Wesf* Of fighting men they haue full threescore thousand

4

*Exe* There's fve to one, besides they all are freth4] *Eze 4**Salisf* Gods Arme strike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes

God buy' you Princes all, Ile to my Charge

If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen,

8

Then 10yfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,

My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.

12

*Bedf* Farwell good Salisbury, & good luck go with thee.13] *fam'd*

And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour

*Eve* Farwell kind Lord fight valiantly to day

16

*Bedf* He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse,

Princely in both

*Enter the King**Wesf* O that we now had here  
But one ten thousand of those men in England,  
That doe no worke to day

20

*King* What's he that wishes so?

24. 27] *out-lives* 3

Gods will, I would not loose the honour  
One man would share from me, || Not for my Kingdome.  
No faith my Cousen, wish not one man more,  
Rather proclame it presently through our campe,  
That he that hath no stomacke to this feast,  
Let him depart, his pasport shall bee drawne,  
And crownes for conuoy put into his purse, [20 E v] 20  
We would not die in that mans company,  
That feares his fellowship to die with vs  
This day is called the day of Cryspin,  
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,  
Shall stand a tiptoe when this day is named,  
And rowse him at the name of Cryspin. 24  
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Shall yearely on the vygill feast his friends,  
And say, to morrow is S. Cryspines day  
Then shall we in their flowing bowles  
Be newly remembred Harry the King,  
*Bedford and Exeter, Clarence and Gloster,* 28  
*Warwick and Yorke*  
Familiar in their mouthes as houshold words. 32

[p 55]  
[col 2] M. Cousin *Weym* r. a. No, my faire Cousin  
If we are markt to dñe, we are enow

To doe our Countrey, Lord, and if to lue,  
24 The fewer men, the greater share of honour  
Gods will, I pray thee wsh not one man more  
By *loue*, I am not couetous for Gold,  
Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost

28 It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare,  
Such ouward things dwell not in my desires  
But if it be a finne to cluet Honor,  
I am the most offend ng Soule ahue

32 No f'arth, my Couze, wsh not a man from England  
Gods peace, I would not loose so great an Honor,  
As one man more me thinkes wwould share from me,

For the best hope I have. O, doe not wsh one more  
36 Rather proclaime it (*Weym*erland) through my Hoast,  
That he which hath no ffromack to this fight,  
Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made,  
And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purse

40 We wwould not dye in that mans companie,  
That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs  
This day is call'd the Feast of *Crysian*

He that out-lues this day, and comes safe home,  
44 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,  
And rowse him at the Name of *Crysian*.

He that shall see this day, and lue old age,  
Will yeerely on the Vigl feast his neighbours,  
And fay, to morrow is Saint *Crysian*

Then will he strip his fleeue, and shew his skarres  
Old men forget, yet all shall be forgot  
But hee'le remember, with aduantages,  
52 What feats he did that day Then shall our Names,  
Familiar in his mouth as household words,

33] *lose* 2, 434] *ne*-*thu* 4s 3, 4

36] *doome, 3*

This story shall the good man tell his sonne,  
 And from this day, vnto the generall doome  
 But we in it shall be remembred  
 We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,  
 For he to day that sheads his blood by mine,  
 Shalbe my brother be he nere so base,  
 This day shall gentle his condition  
 Then shall he stripp his sleeues, and shew his skars  
 And say, these wounds I had on Crispines day  
 And Gentlemen in England now a bed,  
 Shall thinke themselues accurst,

36

40] *brother. Be 3*

And hold their manhood cheape,  
 While any speake / that fought with vs  
 Vpon Saint Crispines day. /  
*Glost* My gracious Lord,  
 The French is in the field.

40

46, 47 *And . . . speake*  
*They were not there,*  
*wher any speakes 3 (one*  
*line)*48. *Saint] S. 3.*

*Kin* Why all things are ready, if our minds be so.  
*War* Perish the man whose mind is backward now.  
*King* Thou dost not wish more help frō England couesen'

48

56] *King.* Why—catch-word but omitted top of  
 page 1, and omitted 2, 3,  
 though not at top of  
 page.

*War.* Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,  
 Without more helpe, might fight this battle out. [55 E 2]  
*Why well faid.* That doth please me better,  
 Then to wish me one. You know your charge,  
 God be with you all

56

*Enter the Herald from the French*  
*Herald.* Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,  
 What thou wilt gree for raunsome?

60

[p. 57]  
[col. 1]

56     *Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,*  
Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred  
This stort shall the good man teach his sonne  
And *Crysپine Crispian* shall ne're goe by,  
From this day to the ending of the World,  
60     But we in it shall be remembred,  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers  
For he to day that sheds his blood with me,  
Shall be my brother be he ne're so vile,  
64     This day shall gentle his Condition.  
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,  
Shall thinke themselues accurst they were not here,  
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakes,  
68     That fought with vs vpon Saint *Crispines* day

*Enter Salisbury.*

72     *Sal* My Soueraign Lord, beftow your felfe with speed  
The French are brauely in their battailes fet,  
And will with all expedience charge on vs

*King* All things are ready, if our minds be fo*Weſt.* Periſh the man, whose mind is backward now.*King.* Thou doſt not wiſh more helpe from England,  
Couze?*Weſt.* Gods wiſh, my Liege, would you and I alone,

76     Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile

*King* Why now thou haſt vniwiſht fiue thouſand men  
Which likes me better, then to wiſh vs one  
You know your places. God be with you all.64 ] *gentile* 465 ] *a-bed* 3, 4.68 ] *Crispian's* 475 ] *God* 3, 4

80

*Mont* Once more I come to know of thee King *Harry*,  
If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,  
Before thy moſt affiſed Ouerthow*Tucket Enter Montroy*

68 4] *An. 3**Kn* Who hath sent thee now?*Her* The Constable of *France*

*Kn* I priethy beare my former answer backe  
 Bid them atchieu me, and then sell my bones  
 Good God, why should they mock good fellows  
 The man that once did sell the Lions skin, (thus ?)  
 While the beast hued, was kild with hunting him  
 A many of our bodies shall no doubt

64

68

Finde graues within your realme of *France*

Tho buried in your dunghils, we shalbe famed,  
 For there the Sun shall greete them,  
 And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,  
 Leauing their earthly parts to choke your clyme  
 The smel wherof, shall breed a plague in *France*  
 Marke then abundant valour in our English,  
 That being dead, like to the bullets crafing,  
 Breakes forth into a second course of mischiefe,  
 Killing in relaps of mortalitie  
 Let me speake proudly,

72

76

Ther's not a peece of feather in our campe,  
 Good argument I hope we shall not flye

80

[p 87]  
 [col 1] For certenly, thou art i[n]esse the Galte,  
 84 Thoa needs must be engluttet. Besides, in mercy  
 The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind  
 Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules  
 May make a peacefull and a sweet restye  
 85 From off these fields where(wretches)their poore bodies  
 Must ly[e] and festir

*King* Who hath sent thee now?

*Mont* The Constable of France.

92 *King* I pra thee beare my former Answer back  
 Bid them atchiese me, and then sell my bones  
 Good God, why shoulde they mock poore fellowes thus?  
 The man that once did sell the Lyons skin

96 While the beast h[ad]d, was kill'd with hunting him  
 A many of our bodyes shall no doubt  
 Find Natu're Graues vpon the which, I trust  
 Shall witnesse liue in Braffle of this dayes worke

100 And those that leaue their valiant bones in France,  
 Dying like men, though buried in your Dunghill,  
 They shall be fam'd for there the Sun shall greet them  
 And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,

104 Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,  
 The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France  
 Marke then abounding valour in our English  
 That being dead, like to the bullets crafing,

108 Breake out into a second course of mischiefe,  
 Killing in relapſe of Mortalitie  
 Let me speake proudly. Tell the Constable,  
 We are but Warriors for the working day

112 Our Gaynesfe and our Gilt are all besmyrcht  
 With raynie Marching in the painefull field  
 There's not a piece of feather in our Hoast  
 Good argument(I hope)we will not flye

107] *grasing,*112] *be-smyrcht* 3, 4

82] *slouendry.* 2  
83] *hearts within are trim*  
2  
85] *They'l* 3

89 *soone*] om. 2.

93. *am*] *vm* 3.

95 *Her*] *Hor* 2

And time hath worne vs into flouendry.  
But by the mas, our hearts are in the trim,  
And my poore souldiers tel me, yet ere night  
Thayle be in fresher robes, or they will plucke  
The gay new cloathes ore your French souldiers eares,  
And turne them out of seruice. If they do this,  
As it please God they shall,  
Then shall our ransome foone be leuied. [89. E 2. v.]  
Sauē thou thy labour Herald  
Come thou no more for ranfom, gentle Herald.  
They shall haue nought I sweare, but these my bones:  
Which if they haue, as I wil leaue am them,  
Will yeeld them litle, tell the Conftable.

*Her.* I shall deliuer so

*Exit Herald.*

*Yorke.* My gracious Lord, vpon my knee I craue,  
The leading of the vaward.

*Kin.* Take it braue *Yorke.* / Come souldiers lets away: /  
And as thou pleafest God, dispose the day.

*Exit.*

[In the Qc, the following scene is preceded by  
next, "Enter the foure French Lords", and  
begins page E 3 v]

*Enter Pystoll, the French man, and the Boy.*

*Pyst.* Eyld cur, eyld cur.

84

88

92

96

[IV. 4]

[p 87]  
[col. 2]

And time hath worne vs into flouerie.  
 But by the Maſſe, our hearts are in the trim  
 And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,  
 They'le be in freſher Robes, or they will pluck  
 The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,  
 And turne them out of ſeruice If they doe thſ,  
 As if God pleafe, they ſhall, my Ranſome then  
 Will ſoone be leuyed

124 Herald, faue thou thy labour.

Come thou no more for Ranſome, gentle Herauld,  
 They ſhall haue none, I ſweare, but theſe my ioynts  
 Which if they haue, as I will leauē vñ them,

128 Shall yeld them little, tell the Conſtable.

*Mont* I ſhall, King *Harry* And ſo fare thee well

Thou neuer ſhalt heare Herauld any more *Exit*

*King*. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a  
 Ranſome

130 ] ſhall 3.

*Enter Yorke.*

132 *Yorke* My Lord, moſt humbly on my knee I begge  
 The leading of the Vaward

*King*. Take it, braue *Yorke*.

Now Souldiers march away,

136 And how thou pleafeſt God, diſpoſe the day. *Exeunt*

[IV. 4]

*Alarum Excursions.**Enter Pifſoll, French Souldier, Boy*

*Pifſoll*. Yeeld Currie.

*French*. *Je penſe que vous eſtis le Gentilhome de lon qua-*  
*litee.*

4 *Pifſoll*. Qualtitie calmie culſture me. Art thou a Gentle-  
 man? What is thy Name? diſcuffe.

*French*. *O Seigneur Dieu.*

*Pifſoll*. O Signeur Dewe ſhould be a Gentleman per-

2.] *Gentil-home* . . . *bone*3.] *qualité*4.] *Quality* 4

2] *Monfier* 3, and so 11  
rest of sc 4

*French* O Monfire, ie vous en pree aues petie de moy  
*Pist* Moy shall not serue I will haue fortie moys

4 *hym* 35] *etle*, 2

Boy aske him his name

*Boy* Comant ettes vous apelles?*French*. Monfier Fer.*Boy*. He saies his name is Master *Fer**Pist* Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him

Boy discus the same in French

*Boy* Sir I do not know, whats French

For fer, ferit and fearkt.

*Pist* Bid him prepare, for I wil cut his throate*Boy* Feate, vou preat, ill voulles coupele votie gage*Pist*. Ony e ma foy couple la goige

Vnlesse thou glue to me eglieous ransome, dye

One poyn of a foxe

*French* Qui dit ill monsiere

Ill ditye si vou ny voully pa domy luy

*Ecy* La gran ransome, ill vou tueres*French* O Iee vous en p11 pettit gentelhome, parle

A cee, gran capataine, pour auez mercie

A moy, ey Iee doneeies pour mon ransome

Cinquante ocios. Ie fuyes vngentelhome de *France*.*Pist* What fayes he boy?

10, 11] one line 3

11] *ferke* 2 *fearke* 313] *couple votre gorg* 314] *Onye* 314] *ma may* 2

16] In Italics 2

19] *voutueres* 320] *Ie petit* 321] *captaine*22] *ree*

4

8

12

16

20

24

[p. 87]  
[col 2]

pend my words O Signeur Dewe, and m<sup>re</sup>le O Signeur Dewe, thou dyest on point of F<sup>t</sup>, except O Signeur thou doe giue to me egreuous Ransome

French O prenne, my recordre ave p.uz de moy

12 P<sup>t</sup>l. Moy shall not ferre, I will haue fortie Moyes for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of Crimson blood

French Est il imp<sup>ossible</sup> d<sup>r</sup>eschapper le force de ton bras

16 P<sup>t</sup>l. Braffe, Curre<sup>r</sup> thou damned and luxurios Moun- taine Goat, offer it me Braffe;

French O pardonne moy

20 P<sup>t</sup>l. Say<sup>r</sup> thou me so<sup>r</sup> is that a Tonne of Moyes, Come h<sup>r</sup>ther boy, aske me this flau<sup>r</sup> in French what is his Name

Boy Ecoute comment esies vous appelle<sup>r</sup>?

French Mounseur le Fer.

24 Boy He sayes his Name is M Fer

P<sup>t</sup>l. M Fer. Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him discusse the same in French vnto him

28 Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke

P<sup>t</sup>l. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat

French. Que dit il Mounseur?

32 Boy Il me commande a vous dire que vous fait<sup>r</sup> vous pre<sup>r</sup>st, car ce soldat icy est disp<sup>ose</sup>e tout a<sup>r</sup>ature de coupes vo<sup>r</sup>te gorge.

36 P<sup>t</sup>l. Ow<sup>r</sup>, cuppele go<sup>r</sup>e permafoy pedant, vuleſſe thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes, or mangled shal<sup>t</sup> thou be by this my Sword.

French O Je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu ma par- donner, Je suis le Gentilhome de lon maison, gar de ma vie, & Je vous donneray deux cent escus

40 P<sup>t</sup>l. What are his words?

Boy. He

11] prenez corde  
• ayez petite

13] rym 4

15] Est-<sup>r</sup> la force 2,  
3. 4 imp<sup>ossible</sup> 3. 4.

18] p<sup>r</sup>donne

22] appelle

23] Monsieur

24-5] Mr 4

30] dit-il Monsieur?

31 a] de  
vous fait<sup>r</sup> vous  
vous teniez

32] couper

34] parmafoy

37 ma] me

38 le] om . bonne

*Boy* Marry sir he fayes, he is a Gentleman of a great  
Houfe, of *France*: and for his ransome,  
He will glue you 500 crownes.

*Pist.* My fury shall abate,  
And I the Crownes will take.

28

And as I fuck blood, I will fome mercie shew.  
Follow me cur.

*Exit omnes.*

[In Qq. the following scene precedes the last above.]

*Enter the foure French Lords.*

[IV. 5]

[p. 88]  
[col. 1]

*Boy.* He prayes you to saue his life, he is a Gentleman of a good houfe, and for his ransom he will giue you two hundred Crownes.

44 *Pif* Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

*Fren Petit Monsieur que dit il?*

48 *Boy.* Encore qu'il et contra son Iurement, de pardonner aucune prisonner: neant-mons pour les escues que vous layt a promets, il est content a vous donnes le liberte le franchisement

52 *Fre.* Sur mes genoux fe vous donnes milles remercious, et Ie me estime heurex que Ie intombe, entre les main d'un Cheualier Ie peuse le plus braue valiant et tres dyjamine signeur d'Angleterre.

*Pif* Expound vnto me boy

56 *Boy.* He giues you vpon his knees a thousand thanks, and he esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath falne into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the moft braue, valorous and thrice-worthy signeur of England

60 *Pif.* As I fucke blood, I will fome mercy shew Follow mee.

*Boy.* Saaue vous le grand Capitaine?

64 I did neuer know fo full a voyce iſſue from fo emptie a heart but the ſaying is true, The empty vefſel makes the greatest ſound, *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had tenne times more valour, then this roaring diuell i'th olde play, that euerie one may payre his nayles with a woodden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and fo would this be, if hee durſt ſteale any thing aduenturouſly. I muſt ſtay with the Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes

*Exit.*

1. V. 5]

*Enter Conſtable, Orleance, Burbon, Dolphyn, and Ramburs.*

46 ] dit-il 2 dit-il 3, 4

47 ] est contre

48-9 ] prisonnier neant-mons escus . . . tuy promettez (promettez 2,3) . . . de vous donner la . . . de franchise

50-3 ] ie vous donne . . . remercier, & ie . . . heureux . . . ne tombe . . . mains . . . ie pense . . . destine

55 his] is 3

56 and he] and

61 ] Sauve 2, Sauve 3, 4 Capitaine! 3, 4

62 full] wofull

63 ſaying] ſong

70.] prey

2] <i>Mordu 2</i>	<p><i>Ge</i> O diabello  <i>Conf</i> Mor du ma vie.  <i>O</i> O what a day is this'  <i>Bur.</i> O Iour der houte all is gone, all is lost</p>	4
5] <i>enow 3.</i>	<p><i>Con</i> We are inough yet liuing in the field,    To smother vp the English,    If any order might be thought vpon.</p>	
8 <i>the] om 2</i>	<p><i>Bur</i> A plague of order, once more to the field,    And he that will not follow <i>Burbon</i> now,    Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,    Like a bace leno hold the chamber doore,    Why leaft by a flauue no gentler then my dog,    His fairest daughter is contamuracke</p>	8
11] <i>base</i>	<p><i>Con.</i> Disorder that hath spoyld vs, 11ght vs now,    Come we in heapes, weeke offer vp our lues    Vnto these English, or else die with fame.</p>	12
. . . <i>King with his and 2 King, his Nobles, and 3</i>	<p>Come, come along,    Lets dye with honour, our shame doth last too long.</p> <p><i>Exit omnes.</i> [E 3]</p> <p><i>Enter the King and his Nobles, Pistoll</i></p>	16
2] <i>als not done, the French keepe still 3</i>	<p><i>King</i> What the Fiench retire? [r E 3 v]    Yet all is not done, yet keepe the French the field  <i>Exe.</i> The Duke of Yorke commends him to your Grace</p>	[IV 6]

[P 88]  
[COL 1]*Con* O Dialle.*Orl* O signeur le iour et perdia, t'oute et perdie*Dol* Mor Dieu ma iue, all is confounded all,

4 Reproach, and euerlasting shame

Sits mocking in our Plumes

*A short Alarum**O meschante Fortune*, do not runne away*Con* Why all our rankes are broke.8 *Dol*, O perdurable shame, let's stab our selue,

Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

*Orl* Is this the King we sent too, for his ransome?*Bur* Shame, and eternall ihamne, nothing but shame,

12 Let vs dye in once more backe againe,

10] to

And he that will not follow *Bulon* now,12 *die] flye*

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand

Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore,

16 Whilst a base flauie, no gentler then my dogge,

16] *W'nlst by a*

His fairest daughter is contaminated

*Con*. Disorder that hath spoyl'd vs, friend vs now,

Let vs on heapes go offer vp our hues

20 *Orl* We are enow yet liuing in the Field,

To smother vp the English in our throngs,

If any order might be thought vpon.

*Bur* The duell take Oider now, Ile to the throng,

24 Let life be short, else shame will be too long

*Exit*

[IV. 6]

*Alarum Enter the King and his trayne,  
with Prisoners**King* Well haue we done, thrice-valiant Countrimen,  
But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field1] *thrice valiant 4.**Exe* The D of York commends him to your Maiesty

9] *Yorke-fellow* 3  
*honour-dying* 3.  
10] *also* 1m 2  
11] *hasted*] *wounded* 3.  
12] *lay all steept* 3

14] *yawne* 3

18] *well-foughten* 3

24] *espousd* 3.

26] *neuer-ending* 3

28] *I had not* 3

*King.* Lives he good Vnckle, twise I fawe him downe,  
 Twise vp againe.

From helmet to the spurre, all bleeding ore.

*Ere* In which aray, braue souldier doth he lye,

Larding the plaines, and by his bloody fide,

Yoake fellow to his honour dying wounds,

The noble Earle of *Suffolke* also lyes.

*Suffolke* first dyde, and *Yorke* all hasted ore,

Comes to him where in blood he lay steept,

And takes him by the beard, kisstes the gashes

That bloodily did yane vpon his face,

And cryde aloud, tary deare coufin *Suffolke*

My soule shall thine keep company in heauen

Tary deare soule awhile, then fie to rest

And in this glorious and well foughten field,

We kept togither in our chualdry

Vpon these words I came and cheerd them vp,

He tooke me by the hand,

said deare my Lord,

Commend my seruice to my soueraigne.

So did he turne, and ouer *Suffolkes* necke

He threw his wounded arme, and so espoused to death,

With blood he sealed. An argument

Of neuer ending loue. /

The pretie and sweet maner of it, /

Forst those waters from me, which I would haue stopt,

But I not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into my eyes,

And gaue me vp to teares.

*Kin.* I blame you not for hearing you,  
 I must conuert to teares.

*Alarum soundes.*

What new alarum is this?

[p. 88]  
[col. 2]

*King* Lives he good Uncle thrice with'n this houre  
 I saw him downe; thrice vp agane, and fighting,  
 From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.

*Ere*. In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye,  
 8 Larding the plaine and by his bloody fide,  
 (Yooke-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)  
 The Neble Earle of Suffolke also lyes  
 Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all hagled ouer  
 12 Comes to him, where in gore he lay infsteeped,  
 And takes him by the Beard, kylles the gaunes  
 That bloodily did yawne vpon his face.  
 He cryes aloud, Tarry my Coffin Suffolke,  
 16 My foale shall thine keepe company to heauen  
 Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then dye a-brest  
 As in this glorious and well-foughten field  
 We kept together in our Chualrie.  
 20 Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp,  
 He smil'd me in the face, caught me his hand,  
 And with a feeble gripe, fayes: Deere my Lord,  
 Command my seruice to my Soueraigne,  
 24 So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke  
 He threw his wounded arme, and kif his lippes,  
 And so espous'd to death, with blood he feal'd  
 A Testament of Noble-ending-loue  
 28 The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd  
 Those waters from me, which I would haue stop'd,  
 But I had not so much of man in mee,  
 And all my mother came into mine eyes,  
 32 And gaue me vp to teares.

*King* I blame you not,  
 For hearing this, I must perforce compound  
 With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue to.  
 36 But hearke, what new alarum is this fame?

7] *Soldiers* 321] *caught* 3, 4.*Alarum*35] *too* 3, 4.

Bid euery fouldier kill his prisoner

*Pylf* Couple gorge.

*Exit omnes*

[35 E. 4]

*Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.*

[IV. 7]

*Flew* Godes plud kil the boyes and the lugyge,  
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be desired,  
In the worell now, in your conscience now.

4] *there's* 3

*Gour* Tis certaine, there is not a Boy left aliue,  
And the cowerdly rascals that ran from the battell,  
Themselues haue done this slaughter  
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt,  
All that was in the kings Tent

4

Whervpon the king caufed euery prisoners  
Throat to be cut O he is a worthy king

8

*Flew* I he was born at *Monmorth*  
Captain *Gower*, what call you the place where  
*Alexander* the big was borne?

12

*Gour* *Alexander* the great  
*Flew* Why I pray, is nat big great?  
As if I say, big or great, or magnanimous,  
I hope it is all one reconing,  
Sauie the frase is a litle varation

16

*Gour* I thinke *Alexander* the great  
Was borne at *Macedon*  
His father was called *Philip of Macedon*, || As I take it  
*Flew* I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed / where *Alexander*

20

10] *Oh* 3

11] *I, . . . Monmouth* 3

14] *great* 2 2

15] *not* 3 *big*, 2

17] *ts* 3.

21] *Macedon*, 2.

[p 85]  
[COL. 2]

The French haue re-enforced their leather'd men  
 Then every soldiour kille his Prisoners,  
 Give the word through

Lut

37] re-enforced

## Actus Quartus.

[IV 7]

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expreffely  
 against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knaue-  
 ry marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conscience  
 now, is it not?

Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue, and the  
 Cowardly Raſſals that ranne from the battaile ha' done  
 this flaughter beſides they haue burned and carned a-  
 way all that was in the Kings Tent, wherfore the King  
 moſt worthily hath cauſ'd euery foldiour to cut his  
 prisoners throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, hee was porne at Monmouth Captaine Gower  
 What call you the Townes name where Alexander the  
 pig was borne?

Gow. Alexander the Great  
 Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or  
 the grear, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous,  
 are all one reckonings, ſaue the phrase is a little va-  
 riations

Gower. I thinke Alexander the Great was borne in  
 Macedon, his Father was called Phyllip of Macedon, as I  
 take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in Macedon where Alexander is  
 porne

10] prisoner's 3, 4

15 you,] you, 4

16] great

Was borne / looke you captaine *Gower*, /  
 And if you looke into the mappes of the worell well,  
 You shall finde little difference betweene  
*Macedon* and *Monmouth*. Looke you, there is  
 A Riuere in *Macedon*, and there is also a Riuere  
*In Monmouth*, the Riuers name at *Monmouth*,  
 Is called *Wye*

But tis out of my braiue, what is the name of the other :  
 But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to my fingers,  
 And there is Samons in both

Looke you captaine *Gower*, and you marke it, [34 E 4 v]  
 You shall finde our King is come after *Alexander*  
 God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his  
 Bowles, and his alles, and his wrath, and his displeasures,  
 And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus*

32 to my 3

37 ] Ahs, 3

*Gower.* I but our King is not like him in that,  
 For he neuer killd any of his friends

*Flew.* Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out  
 Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finished  
 I speake in the comparissons, as *Alexander* is kill  
 His friend *Clitus* so our King being in his ripe  
 Wits and iudgements, is turne away, the fat knite  
 With the great belly doublet I am forget his name

*Gower.* Sir *John Falstaffe*.

*Flew.* I, I thinke it is Sir *John Falstaffe* indeed,  
 I can tell you, theres good men boine at *Monmouth*

the King and Lords 2  
 the King and his  
 Lords 3.

*Enter King and the Lords.*

[p 89]  
[col. 1]

24

28

32

36

40

44

48

52

porne I tell you Capteine, if you looke in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you shall finde in the comparissons betweene *Macedon* & *Monmouth*, that the situations looke you, is both alike There is a Riuere in *Macedon*, & there is also moreouer a Riuere at *Monmouth*, it is call'd *Wye* at *Monmouth*. but it is out of my praines, what is the name of the other Riuere but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is *Salmons* in both If you marke *Alexanders* life well, *Harry* of *Monmouthes* life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and his moodes, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his best friend *Clytus*

*Gow* Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd any of his friends

*Flu* It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished I speak but in the figures, and comparisons of it as *Alexander* kill'd his friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cuppes, so also *Harry* *Monmouth* being in his right wittes, and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet he was full of iests, and gypes, and knaueries, and mockes, I haue forgot his name

*Gow* Sir *John Falstaffe*

*Flu* That is he Ile tell you, there is good men porne at *Monmouth*

*Gow.* Heere comes his Maiesty.

*Alarum.* Enter King *Harry* and *Burlon*  
with prisoneis *Flouryf*.

47] *ust*, 4

50 *into] in 3*

*King* I was not angry since I came into *France*,  
 Vntill this houre.  
 Take a trumpet Herald,  
 And ride vnto the horsmen on yon hill  
 If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,  
 Or leaue the field, they do offend our fight  
 Will they do neither, we will come to them,  
 And make them skyr away, as fast  
 As stones enforst from the old Affrian flings  
 Befides, weele cut the throats of thoe we haue,  
 And not one aliue shall taste our mercy.

*Enter the Herald.*

52

56

60

Gods will what meanes this? knowst thou not  
 That we haue fined these bones of ours for ransome?

*Herald.* I come great king for charitable fauour,

To sort our Nobles from our common men,

64

We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,  
 Which in the field lye spoyled and troden on

[p 89]  
[col 1]

King I was not angry since I came to France,  
 Vntill this instant Take a Trumpet Herald,  
 Ride thou vnto the Horsemen on yond hill  
 56 If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,  
 Or voyde the field they do offend our fight  
 If they'll do neither, we will come to them,  
 And make them sker away, as swift as stones  
 60 Enforced from the old Assyrian flings  
 Befides, wee'l cut the throats of those we haue,  
 And not a man of them that we shall take,  
 Shall taſte our mercy Go and tell them so

*Enter Montjoy*

64 *Ere* Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege

*Glo* His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.

King How now, what meanes this Herald ? Know 66 this] their  
 thou not,

That I haue fin'd these bones of mine for ranſome ?  
 68 Com'ſt thou againe for ranſome ?

*Her* No great King  
 I come to thee for charitable Licence,  
 That we may wander ore this bloody field,  
 72 To booke our dead, and then to bury them,  
 To fort our Nobles from our common men  
 For many of our Princes (woe the while)  
 Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood  
 76 So do our vulgar drench their peſant limbis  
 In blood of Princes, and with wounded ſteeds  
 Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage  
 Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters,  
 80 Killing them twice O gine vs leaue great King,  
 To view the field in ſafety, and diſpoſe  
 Of their dead bodies

67 <i>not] nor</i> 2	<i>Kin.</i> I tell thee truly Herauld, / I do not know whether The day be ours or no · /	68
69 <i>yet a] yet</i> 2	For yet a many of your French do keep the field	[67. F]
75] <i>Crispin, Crispianus</i> 2	<i>Hera</i> The day is yours. <i>Kin.</i> Praised be God therefore. What Castle call you that?	72
	<i>Hera</i> We call it <i>Agincourt</i> <i>Kin.</i> Then call we this the field of <i>Agincourt</i> . Fought on the day of <i>Cryspin, Cyfelin</i> .	
	<i>Flew.</i> Your grandfather of famous memorie, If your grace be remembred, Is do good seruice in <i>France</i>	76
84 <i>will take no] will not</i> 2	<i>Kin.</i> Tis true <i>Flewellen</i> . <i>Flew</i> Your Maiestie fayes verie true. And it please your Maiestie, The Wealchmen there was do good seruice, In a garden where Leekes did grow And I thinke your Maiestie wil take no scorne, To weare a Leake in your cap vpon S. <i>Davies</i> day.	80
90] <i>country-man</i> 91] <i>country-man</i> 2 92] <i>kno</i> 3	<i>Kin.</i> No <i>Flewellen</i> , for I am wealch as well as you. <i>Flew</i> All the water in <i>VVye</i> wil not wash your wealch Blood out of you, God keep it, and preferue it, To his graces will and pleasure	84
	<i>Kin.</i> Thankes good countryman <i>Flew</i> By Iefus I am your Maiesties countryman I care not who know it, so long as your maiesty is an honest	88
	(man	92

[p 89]  
[col 2]

84

*Km* I tell thee truly Herald,  
I know not if the day be ours or no,  
For yet a many of your horsemen peere,  
And gallop ore the field.

85

*Her* The day is yours.  
*Km* Praised be God, and not our strength for it  
What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by.

92

*Her* They call it *Agincourt*  
*King* Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,  
Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*.

96

*Flu* Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please  
your Maiesty) and your great Vnkle *Edward* the Placke  
Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought  
a most prauie pattle here in France

100

*Km* They did *Fluellen*.  
*Flu* Your Maiesty sayes very true. If your Maiesties  
is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a  
Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their  
*Monmouth* caps, which your Maiesty know to this houre  
is an honourable badge of the seruice. And I do beleeme  
your Maiesty takes no scorne to weare the Leeke vpon  
S Taunes day.

104

*King* I weare it for a memorable honor.  
For I am Welch you know good Countriman.

108

*Flu* All the water in *Wye*, cannot wash your Maies-  
ties Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that  
God plesse it, and preferue it, as long as it pleases his  
Grace, and his Maiesty too

112

*Km* Thankes good my Countrymen  
*Flu* By Ieshu, I am your Maiesties Countrymen, I  
care not who know it I will confess it to all the Orld, I  
need not to be ashamed of your Maiesty, praised be God  
so long as your Maiesty is an honest man.

96 a most] most 3. 4

109 plesse it,] pless, 4

111] Countriman

114] God, 4

Herald 2

*K* God keep me so Our Herald go with him,  
And bring vs the number of the scattered French

*Exit Herald*

Call yonder fouldier hither

*Flew* You fellow come to the king

*Kn* Fellow why doost thou weare that gloue in thy hat?

95

98—101] As prose 3

100 *which*] *the which* 3

101 *sworne*] om 3

*Soul* And please your maiestie, tis a rascals that swagard  
With me the other day and he hath one of mine,  
Which if euer I see, I haue sworne to strike him. [100 F v]  
So hath he sworne the like to me

100

102-3 *he keep*] *to keep* 3

104-5] As prose 3

105 *too*] *two* 2.

*K* How think you *Flewellen*, is it lawfull he keep his oath?  
*Fl* And it please your maiestie, tis lawful he keep his vow.  
If he be perjur'd once, he is as arrant a beggerly knaue,  
As treads vpon too blacke shuies

104

*Kn* His enemy may be a gentleman of worth

107-8] As prose 3.

*Flew* And if he be as good a gentleman as Lucifer  
And Belzebub, and the druel himselfe,  
Tis meete he keepe his vow

108

*Kn.* Well firrha keep your word

Vnder what Captain feruest thou?

[p 89]  
[COL. 2]

King Good keepe me so

Enter Williams

Our Heralds go with him,  
 Bring me ruff notice of the numbers dead  
 On both our parts Call yonder fellow hither

120 Ere Souldier, you must come to the King

Kin Souldier, why wear'st thou that Gloue in thy  
 Cappe?124 Will And't please your Maiesty, tis the gage of one  
 that I shold fight withall, if he be aliue.

Kin An Englishman?

128 Will And't please your Maiesty, a Rascall that swag-  
 ger'd with me last night who is aliue, and euer dare to  
 challenge this Gloue, I haue sworne to take him a boxe  
 a'th ere or if I can see my Gloue in his cappe, whinch he  
 swore as he was a Souldier he would weare(if aliue)I wil  
 strike it out soundly132 Kin. What thinke you Captaine Fluellen, is it fit this  
 fouldier keepe his oathFlu. Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine else, and't please  
 your Maiesty in my conscience136 King It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great  
 fорт quite from the answser of his degree.140 Flu Though he be as good a Ientleman as the duel is,  
 as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessary (looke  
 your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath If hee  
 bee perjur'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a  
 villaine and a Iacke sawce, as euer his blacke shoo trodd  
 vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law144 King. Then keepe thy vow firrah, when thou meet'st  
 the fellow.

Wil So, I wil my Liege, as I hue.

King. Who seru'st thou vnder?

Wil.

116 Good] God 3 4

125 English man 3

129 o'th' ear 4

133 oath?

143 conscience, 4.

	Soul Vnder Captaine <i>Gower</i> Flew Captaine <i>Gower</i> is a good Captaine And hath good littrature in the warres Kin Go call him hither Soul. I will my Lord	112
114] <i>utte ritture</i> 3	<i>Erit souldier</i> Kin. Captain <i>Flewellen</i> , when <i>Alonson</i> and I / was	116
117] <i>Alonson Were</i> 3	Downe together, I tooke this gloue off from his helmet, / Here <i>Flewellen</i> , weare it / If any do challenge it,	
118 <i>off from his</i> ] <i>from</i> 3	He is a friend of <i>Alonsons</i> , / And an enemy to mee.	120
119 <i>do</i> 3.		
124 <i>should</i> ] <i>wold</i> 3	<i>Fle</i> Your maiestie doth me as great a fauour As can be desired in the harts of his subiects I would see that man now that should chalenge this gloue And it please God of his grace I would but see him, That is all.	124
	<i>Kin.</i> <i>Flewellen</i> knowst thou Captaine <i>Gower</i> ?	
	<i>Fle.</i> Captaine <i>Gower</i> is my friend.	128
	And if it like your maiestie, I know him very well.	
	<i>Kin.</i> Go call him hither	
	<i>Flew.</i> I will and it shall please your maiestie.	
	<i>Kin.</i> Follow <i>Flewellen</i> closely at the heeles,	132
	The gloue he weares,	
	it was the souldiers.	[133—F 2]
	It may be there will be harme betweene them, For I do know <i>Flewellen</i> valiant, And being toucht, as hot as gunpowder And quickly will returne an injury.	136

[p 90]  
[col 1]*Will* Vnder Captaine *Gower*, my Liege*Flu.* *Gower* is a good Captaine, and is good knowl-  
edge and literatured in the Warres*King.* Call him hither to me, Souldier

152

*Will* I will my Liege. *Exit*

156

*King* Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this fauour for me, and  
sticke it in thy Cappe when *Alanfon* and my selfe were  
downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme If  
any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alanfon*, and an  
enemy to our Person, if thou encounter any such, appre-  
hend him, and thou do'st me loue.

160

*Flu* Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be  
defir'd in the hearts of his Subiects I would faine see  
the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe  
agreefd at this Gloue, that is all but I would faine see  
it once, and please God of his grace that I might see

164

*King* Know'ft thou *Gower*?*Flu* He is my deare friend, and please you*King* Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my  
Tent

168

*Flu.* I will fetch him. *Exit.**King* My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*,  
Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles

172

The Gloue which I haue giuen him for a fauour,

May haply purchase him a box a'th'eare

It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine should

Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin *Warwick*.

176

If that the Souldier strike him, as I judge

By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word,

Some sodaine mischefe may arise of it.

180

For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant,

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,

And quickly will returne an iniurie

159] does 3 does 4

162] agreev'd 2 agreev'd  
3, 4

172] abox 2 oth 4

176 By his] By this 3, 4

*Enter Captaine Gower,*

Go see there be no harme betweene them

2] towards 3.  
3] of

4. Soul ] Flew 2  
5 the the the

7.] Gods 3  
his 3.

*Enter Gower, Flewellen, and the Souldier.*

[IV 8]

*Flew.* Captain *Gower*, in the name of Iesu,  
Come to his Maestie, there is more good toward you,  
Then you can dreame off.

*Soul.* Do you heare you sir? / do you know this gloue?  
*Flew.* I know the the gloue is a gloue  
*Soul.* Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.

*He strikes him*

*Flew.* Gode plut, and his

Captain *Gower* stand away  
Ile gloue treason his due prently.

8

9.] now? What's 3

*Enter the King, Warwiche, Clarence, and Erete*  
*kin.* How now, what is the matter?  
*Flew.* And it shall please your Maestie,  
Here is the notablest peece of treason come to light,  
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.

12

Here is a rascall, beggerly rascall,  
is strike the gloue,

[p 90]  
[COL. I]

Follow, and fee there be no harme betweene them

Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter.

*Eteunt.*

181. no] not 4

[IV 8]

*Enter Gower and Williams.**Will* I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.*Enter Fluellen.*

4 *Flu* Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech you now, come apace to the King there is more good toward you peraduenture, then is in your knowledge to dreame of

*Will* Sir, know you this Gloue?*Flu* Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.8 *Will* I know this, and thus I challenge it*Strikes him*

*Flu* 'Sblud, an ariant Traytor as anyes in the Vnuer-  
fall World, or in France, or in England.

*Gower.* How now Sir? you Villaine.12 *Will* Doe you thinke Ile be forsworne?

*Flu.* Stand away Captaine *Gower*, I will gue Treason his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

*Will.* I am no Traytor.16 *Flu.* That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke *Alansons*.*Enter Warwick and Gloucester.*20 *Warw* How now, how now, what's the matter?

*Flu.* My Lord of Warwick, heere is, prayed be God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his Maiestie. *Enter King and Exeter.*

24 *King.* How now, what's the matter?

*Flu.* My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Gloue which

9] 'Sblud, 3 'Sblud, 4,  
any s 4

14 <sup>1</sup> *Mistre* in person  
 15 <sup>2</sup> *witneses, testi*  
 3

18 ] to 3

21 ] *in's* 3

24 ] *man-hooL* 3.

Which your Maestie / tooke out of the helmet of *Alonson* . /  
 And your Maestie will beare me witnes, / and testimony,  
 And anouchments, / that this is the gloue. /

*Soul* And it please your Maestie, / that was my gloue /  
 He that I gaue it too in the night,  
 Promised me to weare it in his hat

I promised to strike him if he did  
 I met that Gentleman, with my gloue in his hat,  
 And I thinke I haue bene as good as my word

*Flew.* Your Maestie heares, / vnder your Maesties  
 Manhood, / what a beggerly lowfie knaue it is. /

*Kin.* Let me see thy gloue / Looke you,  
 This is the fellow of it /  
 It was I indeed you promised to strike [27 F 2 v]  
 And thou thou haft gauen me most bitter words.  
 How canst thou make vs amends?

*Flew* Let his necke answere it,  
 If there be any marshals lawe in the worell

*Soul.* My Liege, / all offences come from the heart /  
 Neuer came any from mine / to offend your Maestie /

34 ] *me but as* 3

38 ] *not to mine* / 3

39 ] *Seemed then to me,*  
 3 *offence, my gree*  
*cious Lord, / 3*

You appeard to me as a common man /  
 Witnesse the night, your garments, / your lowlinesse,  
 And whatsoeuer / you receuued vnder that habit, /  
 I beseech your Maestie impute it / to your owne fault  
 And not mine / For your selfe came not like your selfe /  
 Had you bene as you seemed, / I had made no offence /  
 Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me

*Kin.* Vnkle, fill the gloue with crownes,  
 And gue it to the fouldier / Weare it fellow, /

16

20

24

28

32

36

40

[p 90]

[col 2]

28

your Majestie is take out of the Helmet of *Alan-  
son*

32

*Will* My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe I promis'd to strike him, if he did I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue been as good as my word

36

*Flu* Your Majestie heare now, sauing your Majesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowfie Knaue it is I hope your Majestie is peare me testimonie and witnesse, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue of *Alanson*, that your Majestie is gloue me, in your Conscience now.

40

*Kmg.* Give me thy Gloue Souldier,  
Looke, heere is the fellow of it  
'Twas I indeed thou promis'd it to strike,  
And thou haft gauen me most bitter termes

44

*Flu.* And please your Majestie, let his Neck answere for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

48

*King* How canst thou make me satisfacion?  
*Will.* All offences, my Lord, come from the heart neither came any from mine, that might offend your Majestie

56

*King* It was our selfe thou didst abuse

52

*Will* Your Majestie came not like your selfe you appeald to me but as a common man, witnesse the Night, your Garments, your Lowliness and what your Highnesse suffer'd vnder that shafe, I beseech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence, therefore I beseech your Highnesse pardon me.

*King* Here Vnkle *Exeter*, fill this Gloue with Crownes, And gloue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,

32] haue] haue haue 2

55] Man-nes

38 Majestie is] M. 1. 4. 4.

59 And] Add 2

As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it  
 Gue him the crownes Come Captaine *Flewellen*,  
 I must needs haue you friends  
 / *Flew.* By Iesu, the fellow hath mettall enough  
 44  
 47] *stilling* 3 In his belly. / Harke you fouldier, there is a shilling for you, /

48] *praboles*, 3 And keep your selfe out of brawles / & brablers, & diffentiōs, /  
 And looke you, it shall be the better for you.  
 48  
 49] *soul*. Ile none of your money sir, not I.

51] *stilling* 3- *Flew.* Why tis a good shilling man.  
 52] *squeamish* 2. Why should you be queamish? / Your shooes are not so good /  
 53 *you*] om. 2. It will serue you to mend your shooes.  
 52

*Kin.* What men of sort are taken vnckle?

*Exe.* *Charles Duke of Orleance*, Nephew to the King  
*John Duke of Burlon*, and Lord *Bouchquall*.  
 Of other Lords and Barrons, Knights and Squiers,  
 Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.  
 This note doth tell me of ten thousand  
 French, that in the field lyes flaine.  
 Of Nobles bearing banners in the field,  
 56  
 60

[61 F 3]

[p 90]  
[col. 2]

And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,  
Till I doe challenge it Give him the Crownes  
And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him

64 *Flu* By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's met-  
tell enough in his belly Hold, there is twelue-pence for  
you, and I pray you to serue God, and keepe you out of  
prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and disfentions, and I  
warrant you it is the better for you

68 *Will* I will none of your Money

*Flu* It is with a good will I can tell you it will serue  
you to mend your shooes come, wherefore should you  
be so pashfull, your shooes is not so good 'tis a good  
filling I warrant you, or I will change it

72 *Enter Herald*  
*King* Now Herauld, are the dead numbred?

*Herald.* Heere is the number of the slaughter'd  
French

76 *King* What Prisoners of good fort are taken  
Vnckle?

*Exe* Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,

*John* Duke of Burbon, and Lord Bouchiquald

80 Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,  
Full fifteene hundred, besides common men

*King.* This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French  
That in the field lye slaine of Princes in this number,  
84 And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead  
One hundred twentie six added to these,  
Of Knights, Esquies, and gallant Gentlemen,  
Eight thousand and foure hundred of the which,  
88 Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights  
So that in these ten thousand they haue lost,  
There are but fifteene hundred Mercenaries  
The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And

65 *to serue*] serue 3. 4

62] <i>Constance</i> 3	<i>Charles de le Brute</i> , his Constable of France.	
64] <i>Crosse-bowes</i> , 3 <i>A cisor</i>	<i>Jaques of Chatillian</i> , Admirall of France	64
65] <i>Ransures</i> , 3	The Maister of the crosbows, <i>John Duke Alfon</i>	
66] <i>Charillat</i> , 2	Lord <i>Ranieres</i> , his Maister of France	
	The braue sir <i>Gwyndard</i> , <i>Dulphyn</i> Of <i>Nollelle Charillas</i> ,	
67] <i>Prie</i> 3.	 <i>Gran Prie</i> , and <i>Ruffe</i> , <i>Fawconbridge</i> and <i>Foy</i>	68
69] King prefixed	<i>Gerard</i> and <i>Verton Vandemant</i> and <i>Leſſa</i>	
69] <i>Heires</i> 3 death,	Here was a royll fellowship of death	
71] Eve prefixed	Where is the number of our English dead?	
72] line dropped out 2	<i>Edward</i> the Duke of <i>Yorke</i> , the Earle of <i>Suffolke</i> ,	72
73] all the other, 3	Sir <i>Richard Ketly</i> , <i>Davy Gam</i> Esquier	
	And of all other,	
	but fwe and twentie	
74] King prefixed	O God thy arme was here,	
	And vnto thee alone, ascribe we prafe	
77] <i>euen in</i> 3	When without strategem,	76
78] <i>another</i> 3	And in euen shock of battle, was euer heard	
79] <i>et O God</i> 3	So great, and litle losſe,	
82] <i>proclaim'd</i> 3	on one part and an other	
	Take it God, for it is onely thine	
	<i>Ere</i> Tis wonderfull	80
	<i>King</i> . Come let vs go on procesſion through the camp	
	Let it be death proclaimed to any man,	
	To boast hereof, or take the prafe from God,	
	Which is his due.	
	<i>Flew</i> Is it lawful, and it please your Maiestie,	84
	To tell how many is kild?	
	<i>King</i> Yes <i>Flewellen</i> , / but with this acknowledgement, /	
	That God fought for vs	88

[p 91]  
[col. 1]

And Gentlemen of bloud and qualtie  
 The Names of thoſe their Nobles that lye dead  
*Charles Delabreth*, High Conſtable of France,  
*Jaques of Chatilion*, Admirall of France,  
 96 The Maſter of the Croſſe-bowes, Lord *Ramlynes*,  
 Great Maſter of France, the braue Sir *Guichard Dolphyn*,  
*John Duke of Alanſon*, *Anthoine Duke of Brabant*,  
 The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,  
 100 And *Edward Duke of Barr* of Iuſtſie Earles,  
*Grandpre* and *Rouſſie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,  
*Beaumont* and *Marle*, *Vandemont* and *Lefſtrale*  
 Here was a Royall fellowship of death  
 104 Where is the number of our Engliſh dead?  
*Edward the Duke of Yorke*, the Earle of *Suffolke*,  
*Sir Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam Esquire*,  
 None elſe of name and of all other men,  
 108 But fiue and twentie  
 O God, thy Arme was heere  
 And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,  
 Aſcribe we all when, without ſtratagem,  
 112 But in plaine ſhock, and euen play of Battaille,  
 Was euer knowne ſo great and little loſſe?  
 On one part and on th'other, take it God,  
 For it is none but thine.  
 116 *Exet* 'Tis wonderfull  
*King*. Come, goe me in proceſſion to the Village  
 And be it death proclaymed through our Hoaſt,  
 To boaſt of this, or take that prayſe from God,  
 Which is his onely  
 120 *Flu*. Is it not lawfull and please your Maieſtie, to tell  
 how many is kill'd?  
*King* Yes Captaine but with this acknowledgement,  
 That God fought for vs.

124

98] *Anthoine*101] *Fauconbridge* 4102] *Vandemont*

109] King prefixed

115] *none's* 4117 *me*] we

90] *Te*  
91] *enter a 3*

*Flew* Yes in my conscience, he did vs great good.

*King.* Let there be sung, Nouones and te Deum  
The dead with charitie enterred in clay  
Weele then to *Calice*, and to England then,  
Where nere from *France*, arriude more happier men

92

*Exit omnes.*

[p 91]  
[col 1]*Flu* Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good*King* Doe we all holy Rights

Let there be fung *Non nolis*, and *Te Deum*,  
 128 The dead with chartie enclos'd in Clay  
 And then to Callice, and to England then,  
 Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men

*Exeunt*

[V.]

*Actus Quintus.**Enter Chorus*

Vouchsafe to thoſe that haue not read the Story,  
 That I may prompt them and of ſuch as haue,  
 I humbly pray them to admit th'excufe  
 4 Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things,  
 Which cannot in them huge and proper life,  
 Be here preſented. Now we beare the King  
 Toward Callice Graunt him there, there feene,  
 8 Heauē him away vpon your winged thoughts,  
 Athwart the Sea Behold the English beach  
 Pales in the flood, with Men, Wiues, and Boyes,  
 Whose ſhoots & claps out-voynce the deep-mouth'd Sea,  
 12 Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,  
 Seemes to prepare his way So let him land,  
 And ſolemly ſee him ſet on to London  
 So ſwift a pace hath Thought, that euen now  
 16 You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath  
 Where, that his Lords deſire him, to haue borne  
 His bruifed Helmet, and his bended Sword  
 Before him, through the Citiſe he forbids it,

7 ], And *there* being *ſcene*,10 ] with *Waves*,11 ] *deepmouth'd* 2

2 day] om 3

*Enter Gower, and Fleuellen.**Gower* But why do you weare your Leeke to day? [I-- F 3 v.]  
Saint Dauzes day is past?*Flew.* There is occasion Captaine *Gower*,  
Looke you why, and wherefore,

[V. 1]

4

[p 91]  
[col. 2]

Being free from vain-neſſe, and ielfe-gloriouſ, pride ,  
 Giuing full Trophee, Signall, and Ostent,  
 Quite from himſelfe, to God. But now behould,  
 In the quick Forge and working-houſe of Trought,  
 24 How London doth powre out her Citizen,  
 The Maior and all his Brethren in beſt fort,  
 Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,  
 With the Plebeians ſwarming at their heeles,  
 28 Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Caſar* in  
 As by a lower, but by lou.ng likelyhood,  
 Were now the Geneiall of our gracious Emprefſe,  
 As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,  
 32 Bringing Rebellion broached on his ſword,  
 How many would the peacefull Citiſe quit,  
 To welcome him? much more, and much more c. uſe,  
 Did they this *Harry* Now in London place him  
 36 As yet the lamentation of the French  
 Inuites the King of Englands ſtay at home  
 The Emperor's comming in behalfe of France,  
 To order peace betweene them and omit  
 40 All the occurrences, what euer chanc't,  
 Till *Harryes* backe returne againe to France  
 There muſt we bring him, and my ielfe haue play'd  
 The *interim*, by rememb'ring you 'tis paſt  
 44 Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,  
 After your thoughts, ſtraight backe againe to France

30] *temper.*40] *chanc'd, 4*43] *Interim,**Exit*

[V 1]

*Enter Fluellen and Gower*

*Gower* Nay, that's right but why weare you your  
 Leeke to day? S *Dauies* day is paſt

2] *Saint*

*Flu* There is occasions and causes why and wherefore

8] *soit*10 *confusall 2*13 *a comes*] *he comes 3*  
*Turke-cocke 3*17] *Bedlem 2 3*22] *stomackes, . affe-*  
*tites, 3*24] *Cadwallader 3*26] *Base*27] / *But in the meane 3*

The other day looke you, *Pistolles*  
 Which you know is a man of no merites  
 In the worell, is come where I was the other day,  
 And brings bread and fault, and bids me  
 Eate my Leeke . twas in a place, looke you,  
 Where *I* could moue no discentions  
 But if *I* can see him, *I* shall tell him,  
 A litle of my desires.

*Gow* Here a comes, swelling like a Turkecocke  
*Enter Pistol.*

*Flew* Tis no matter for his swelling, and his turkecocks,  
 God plesse you Antient *Pistol*, you scall,  
 Beggerly, lowfie knaue, God plesse you  
*Pist* Ha, art thou bedlem ?  
 Dost thou thurst base Troyan,  
 To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web ?  
 Hence, *I* am qualmish at the smell of Leeke

*Flew* Antient *Pistol* / I would desire you because  
 It doth not agree / with your stomacke, and your appetite, /  
 And your digestions, to eate this Leeke

*Pist* Not for *Cadwallede* and all his goates

*Flew*. There is one goate for you Antient *Pistol*.

*He strikes him.*

*Pist*. Bace Troyan, thou shall dye

*Flew*. I, I know I shall dye, / meane time, I would  
 Desire you / to lue and eate this Leeke. /

8

12

16

20

24

28

[p. 91]  
[COL. 2]

in all things I will tell you asse my friend, Capta'ne  
*Gower*, the rascally, scauld, beggerly, lowfie, pragging  
*Knaue Pistoll*, which you and your selfe, and all the World,  
 know to be no better then a fellow, looke you now, of no  
 8 merits hee is come to me, and brings me pread and  
 fault yesterdai, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke  
 it was in a place where I could not breed no contention  
 12 with him, but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap  
 till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little  
 piece of my desires.

*Enter Pistoll*

*Gower* Why heere hee comes, swelling like a Turkey-  
 cock

16 *Flu* 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turkey-  
 cocks God plesse you aunchient *Pistoll* you scurue low-  
 fie *Knaue*, God plesse you

20 *Pist* Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou thirst, base  
 Trojan, to haue me fold vp *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence,  
 I am qualmish at the fmell of Leeke

24 *Flu* I pefeech you heartly, scurue lowfie *Knaue*, at  
 my desires, and my requestes, and my petitions, to eate,  
 looke you, this Leeke, because, looke you, you doe not  
 loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your  
 disgestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you  
 to eate it.

28 *Pist* Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats

*Flu* There is one Goat for you *Strikes him.*

Will you be so good, scauld *Knaue*, as eate it?

*Pist* Base Trojan, thou shalt dye

32 *Flu* You say very true, scauld *Knaue*, when Gods  
 will is I will desire you to haue in the meane time, and  
 eate your Victuals come, there is fawce for it You  
 call'd me yesterdai Mountaine-Squier, but I will make  
 you

16] *swelling*, 417 *plesse you*] *plesse* 3, 4.18] *blesse* 3, 426] *does* 4.35] *yesterdady* 2

29] him, it is enough 3.

31] nights too. ~~but~~ 3

After 35] He makes Ancient Pistol bite of the Leeke [in one line] 3

38] Looke you now, *there  
is a shilling for you* / 3

39] shilling 2

43] / I will 3

45] *And buy cudgels*  
And so God be with you,46.] *plese* 3*Gower.* Inough Captaine, / you haue astonisht him /*Flew.* Astonisht him, / by Iesu, Ile beate his head

Foure dayes, / and foure nights, but Ile

Make him / eate some part of my Leeke. /

32

*Pist* Well must I byte?

[33—F 4]

*Flew* I out of question or doubt, or ambiguities

You must byte.

*Pist.* Good good

36

*Flew.* I Leeke are good, Antient Pistol /

There is a shilling for you / to heale your bloody coxcombe

*Pist* Me a shilling*Flew.* If you will not take it,

I haue an other Leeke for you

*Pist* I take thy shilling in earnest of reconning.*Flew.* If I owe you any thing, / Ile pay you in cudgels, /

You shalbe a woodmonger,

And by cudgels, God bwy you,

Antient Pistol, God bleffe you,

And heale your broken pate

Antient Pistol, if you see Leeke an other time,

Mocke at them, that is all. God bwy you

44

*Exit Flewellen.*

48

*Pist* All hell shall stur for this

[p. 92]  
[col. 1]

you to day a squire of low degree I pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke

36 *too*] *to*

*Gour.* Enough Captaine, you haue astonisht him

40 *Flu* I say, I will make him eate some part of my leeke, or I will peate his pate four dayes bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxcombe

44 *Pif.* Must I bite

43] *bite*?

*Flu* Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities

46] *revenge*

48 *Pif.* By this Leeke, I will most horribly reuenge I eate and eate I sweare

47] *eat and, eat*, 4

*Flu* Eate I pray you, will you haue some more sauce to your Leeke there is not enough Leeke to sweare by

*Pif.* Quiet thy Cudgell, thou doft see I eate.

52 *Flu* Much good do you scald knaue, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxcombe, when you take occasions to see Leeke's heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

*Pif.* Good.

56 *Flu* I, Leeke's is good hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate

*Pif.* Me a groat?

60 *Flu* Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I haue another Leeke in my pocket, which you shall eate

*Pif.* I take thy groat in earnest of reuenge

64 *Flu* If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgells, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God bu'y you, and keepe you, & heale your pate

*Exit*64] *Cud* 3, 4

*Pif.* All hell shall sturre for this

68 *Gow.* Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vpon an

67] *Kave*, 2

51] *huswif* 3.52] *loynes*? 356] *slyght* 3.60] *got* 2.1.] *met*, 32.] *brother*4.] *stocke*,

Doth Fortune play the huswy with me now?

Is honour cudgeld from my warlike lynes?

Well *France* farewell, newes haue I certainlyThat Doll is sicke One mallydie of *France*,

The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug

Bawd will I turne, and vse the flyte of hand.

To England will I steale, || And there Ile steale

And patches will I get vnto these skarres,

And fweare I gat them in the Gallia warres

52

56

60

*Exit Pystoll.**Enter at one doore, the King of England and his Lords And at the other doore, the King of France, Queene Katherine, the Duke of Burbon, and others*

[V. 2]

*Harry.* Peace to this meeting, / wherefore we are met. / And to our brorher *France*, Faire tyme of day [1—F 4 v]Faire health vnto our louely coufен *Katherine*  
And as a branch, and member of this stock

4

We do salute you Duke of *Burgondie*.*Fran.* Brother of *England*, / right ioyous are we to behold  
Your face, / so are we Princes English euery one

[P. 92]  
[COL. I]

honourable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophee  
of predeceased valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds  
any of your words I haue seene you gleeking & galling  
72 at this Gentleman twice or thrice You thought, because  
he could not speake English in the natuue garb, he could  
not therefore handle an English Cudgell you finde it o-  
therwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach  
76 you a good English condition, fare ye well *Exit*

72 Doeth fortune play the huswife with me now  
Newes haue I that my *Doll* is dead i'th Spittle of a mala-  
dy of France, and there my rendeuous is quite cut off  
80 Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is  
Cudgeld Well, Baud Ile turne, and something leane to  
Cut-purse of qu'cke hand To England will I steale, and  
there Ile steale

84 And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres,  
And swore I got them in the Gallia warres *Exit*

84] *cudgeld* 3, 4  
85] *swear* 3, 4

[V. 2]

Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke,  
and other Lords At another, Queene Isobel,  
the King, the Duke of Bourgongne, and  
other French

*Bourgogn* 2 *Burgogn* 3,

King Peace to this meeting, wherfore we are met,  
Vnto our brother France, and to our Sister  
Health and faire time of day Ioy and good wishes  
4 To our most faire and Princely Cofine Katherine  
And as a branch and member of this Royalty,  
By whom this great assembly is contriu'd,  
We do salute you Duke of *Burgogn*,  
8 And Princes French and Peeres health to you all

1] *are we* 3, 4

Fra Right ioyous are we to behold your face,  
Most worthy brother England, fanelly met,  
So are you Princes (English) euery one.

7] *Burgogn*, 2, 4 *Bar-  
gogne*, 3

10 *fauely*] *faire* 2 *fair*  
3, 4] *(English one)* 4

8 *both*] om 3

*Duk* With pardon vnto both your myghtnes.  
Let it not displease you, if I demaund  
What iub or bar hath thus far hindred you,  
To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace?

8

[p 92]  
[c, l 2]

Quee So happy be the Issue brother Ireland  
 Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,  
 As we are now glad to behold your eyes,  
 Your eyes which hitherto haue borne  
 In them agaist the French that met them in their bent,  
 The fatall Balls of murthering Basilisks  
 The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope  
 Haue lost their qualtie, and that this day  
 Shall change all grieves and quarrels into loue  
 Eng To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare  
 Quee You English Princes all, I doe salute you.  
 Burg My dutie to you both, on equall loue  
 Great Kmgs of France and England that I haue labour'd  
 With all my wits, my pa'nes, and strong endeuors,  
 To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties  
 Vnto this Barre, and Royall enterview,  
 Your Maightineffe on both parts, best can witnesse  
 Since then my Office hath so farre preuayl'd,  
 That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,  
 You haue congreeted let it not disgrace me,  
 If I demand before this Royall view,  
 What Rub, or what Impediment there is,  
 Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,  
 Deare Nourse of Arts, Plentyes, and ioyfull Births,  
 Should not in this best Garden of the World,  
 Our fertile France, put vp her louely Visage  
 Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas'd,  
 And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,  
 Corrupting in it owne fertilitie  
 Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,  
 Vnpruned, dyes her Hedges euen pleach'd,  
 Like Prisoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre,  
 Put forth disorder'd Twigs her fallow Leas,

12 *Ireland*] *England*15, 16 ] *Your . . . in them /*  
*Agaynst*  
*bent, [so arranged*  
*2, 3, 4]*27 ] *Barre, 3, 4*40 ] *it's 3, 4.*42 ] *even, pleach'd 3, 4.*

*Har* If Duke of *Burgondy*, you wold haue peace,

12

You must buy that peace,  
According as we haue drawne our articles.

[p 92]  
[col. 2]

The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,  
Doth root vpon; while that the Culter rufts,  
That should deracinate such Sauagery.

48 The euen Meade, that erft brought sweetly forth  
The freckled Cowflip, Burnet, and greene Clouer,  
Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke,  
Conceiuers by idlenesse, and nothing teemis,

52 But hatefull Docks, rough Thiftles, Kekſyes, Burres,  
Loofing both beautie and vtiltie,  
And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,  
Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildneſſe.

56 Euen ſo our Houſes, and our ſelues, and Children,  
Haue loſt, or doe not learne, for want of time,  
The Sciences that ſhould become our Countrey,  
But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,

60 That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,  
To Swearing, and ſterne Lookes, defuſ'd Attyre,  
And every thing that ſeemes vnnaturall  
Which to reduce into our former fauour,

64 You are аſſembled and my ſpeech entreats,  
That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace  
Should not expell theſe inconueniences,  
And bleſſe vs with her former qualties

68 Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,  
Whose want giues growth to th'imperfeccions  
Which you haue cited, you muſt buy that Peace  
With full accord to all our iuft demands,  
Whose Tenures and particular effects  
You haue enſchedul'd briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them to the which, as yet  
There is no Anſwer made

76 Eng Well then · the Peace which you before ſo vrg'd,  
Lyes in his Anſwer :

45 ] *Fumitory*, 4.52 ] *Kechſies*, 3, 453 ] *Loſing*59 *grow*] *grow* 261 ] *diffus'd* 3, 468 ] *Burgony**France I*

15] *cursorary* 316] *Ore viewd them* 2.  
*Ore-viewd them, 3*

*Fran* We haue but with a cursenary eye,  
Oreviewd them pleaseth your Grace,  
To let some of your Counsell fit with vs,

16

We shall returne our peremptory answere

*Har* Go Lords, and fit with them,  
And bring vs answere backe

20

Yet leaue our couesen *Katherine* here behind.

22 *With-all* 2Exit French King 3  
Harry] Harry 2 King  
Henry 3

*France* Withall our hearts.

*Exit King and the Lords* Manet, Harry, Katherine, and the Gentlewoman

[p. 93]  
[col 1]

80      *France* I haue but with a curselarie eye  
O're-glanc't the Articles   Pleaseth your Grace  
To appoint some of your Councell preſently  
To fit with vs once more, with better heed  
To re-furuey them, we will ſuddenly  
Paffe our accept and peremptorie Answer

84      *England* Brother we ſhall   Goe Vnckle *Exeter*,  
And Brother *Clarence*, and you Brother *Gloceſter*,  
*Warwick*, and *Huntington*, goe with the King,  
And take with you free power, to ratifie,

88      Augment, or alter, as your Wifdomes beſt  
Shall fee aduantageable for our Dignitie,  
Any thing in or out of our Demands,  
And wee'le configne thereto   Will you, faire Sister,  
Goe with the Princes, or ſtay here with vs?

92      *Quee* Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them  
Happily a Womans Voyce may doe ſome good,  
When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be ſtood on

96      *England* Yet leaue our Coufin *Katherine* here with vs  
She is our capitall Demand, compris'd  
Within the fore-ranke of our Articles

*Quee.* She hath good leaue   *Exeunt omnes*

100      *Manet King and Katherine*

104      *King* Faire *Katherine*, and moſt faire,  
Will you vouchſafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,  
Such as will enter at a Ladys eare,  
And pleade his Loue-fuit to her gentle heart

108      *Kath.* Your Maieſtie ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeake  
your England.

112      *King.* O faire *Katherine*, if you will loue me ſoundly  
with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con-  
feſſe it brokenly with your English Tongue   Doe you

78] *curselarie*,  
79] *O'reglanc't*

85 *you*] om

94] *Happily* 2, 3   *Haply*  
4

100 *and*] om. 3, 4.

106.] *you* 2

23 Hate] Kate 2 Hau  
3

*Hate.* Now *Kate*, / you haue a blunt wooer here  
Left with you. /

24

25] *Leape-frog*, 3

If I could win thee at leapfrog,  
Or with vawting with my armour on my backe,  
Into my faddle,  
Without brag be it spoken,  
Ide make compare with any

28

[p 93]  
[col 1]like me, *Kate*?*Kath* Pardon me, I cannot tell what is like me*King* An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an  
112 Angell*Kath* Que dit il que Je suis semblable a les Anges?*Lady* Ouy verayment (sauf vostre Grace) ainsi dit il*King* I said so, deare *Katherine*, and I must not blush  
116 to affirme it*Kath* O lors Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plein de  
tromperies*King* What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of  
120 men are full of deceits?*Lady* Ouy, dat de tongeus of de mans is be full of de-  
ceits · dat is de Princeſſe*King* The Princeſſe is the better English-woman  
124 yfaith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am  
glad thou canſt speake no better English, for if thou  
couldſt, thou wouldſt finde me ſuch a plame King, that  
thou wouldſt thinke, I had fold my Farme to buy my  
128 Crowne I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but di-  
rectly to ſay, I loue you, then if you vrge me farther,  
then to ſay, Doe you in faith? I weare out my fute Giue  
me your anſwer, yfaith doe, and ſo clap hands, and a bar-  
gaine how ſay you, Lady?*Kath* Sauf vostre honeur, me vnderſtand well*King* Marry, if you would put me to Verſes, or to  
136 Dance for your ſake, *Kate*, why you vndid me for the one  
I haue neither words nor measure, and for the other, I  
haue no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in  
ſtrength If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by  
140 vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe,  
vnder the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould  
quickly leape into a Wife Or if I might buffet for my

114] verament

119 the] om 4

121] tongues

125] wouldſt 3

131 ſo] om 3, 4

133] honour,

139] vaulting 3, 4

34] *sunburning* 2

But leauing that *Kate*,  
 If thou takeſt me now,  
 Thou ſhalt haue me at the worſt [32- -G] 32  
 And in wearing, thou ſhalt haue me better and better,  
 Thou ſhalt haue a face that is not worth fun-burning  
 But dooſt thou thinke, that thou and I,  
 / Betweene Saint Denis, 36  
 And Saint George, / I haue get a boy,  
 That I haue goe to *Constantinople*, /  
 And take the great Turke by the beard, / ha *Kate* ? /

39] *beard* 2 *Kate* 3

[See quarto  
 lines 82,  
 83, 84,  
 85, 86,  
 87, 88 ]

[See quarto  
 lines 89,  
 90, 91, 92 ]

41] *France* 2 2  
42] *It is* 3

*Kate*. Is it poſſible dat me fall  
 Loue de enemie de *France* 40  
*Harry* No *Kate*, / tis vnpoſſible  
 You ſhould loue the enemie of *France* . /  
 For *Kate*, I loue *France* ſo well,

40

44

[p. 93]  
[col. 2]

144

148

152

156

160

164

168

172

Loue, or bound my Horse for her fauours, I could lay on  
 like a Butcher, and sit like a Iack an Apes, neuer off. But  
 before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaspe out  
 my eloquence, nor I haue no cunnинг in protestation,  
 onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vse till vrg'd,  
 nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canst loue a fellow  
 of this temper, *Kate*, whose face is not worth Sunre-bur-  
 ning? that neuer lookes in his Glasse, for loue of any  
 thing he fees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake  
 to thee plaine Souldier. If thou canst loue me for this,  
 take me? if not? to say to thee that I shall dye, is true, but  
 for thy loue, by the L No yet I loue thee too. And  
 while thou li'ft, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and  
 vncoyned Constancie, for he perforce must do thee right,  
 because he hath not the gift to woote in other places for  
 these fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme themselues  
 into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reaon themselues  
 out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is  
 but a Ballad, a good Legge will fall, a strait Backe will  
 stoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will  
 grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax  
 hollow but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sunne and the  
 Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone, for it  
 shines bright, and neuer changes, but keepes his courſe  
 truly. If thou would haue ſuch a one, take me? and  
 take me; take a Souldier, take a Souldier, take a King  
 And what ſay'ſt thou then to my Loue? ſpeake my faire,  
 and fairely, I pray thee.

*Kath* Is it poſſible dat I ſould loue de ennemie of  
 Fraunce?

*King* No, it is not poſſible you ſhould loue the Ene-  
 mie of France, *Kate*, but in louing me, you ſhould loue  
 the Friend of France. for I loue France ſo well, that I

146] us'a 3, 4

150 thy] the 4

157] humſe Jr. 4

172 loue] that you 3, 4

	That Ile not leaue a Village,    Ile haue it all mine then <i>Kate</i> , When <i>France</i> is mine,    And I am yours, Then <i>France</i> is yours,    And you are mine. <i>Kate</i> I cannot tell what is dat.	48
52] <i>Kate</i> 2. 53] <i>it</i> om 3	<i>Harry</i> . No <i>Kate</i> ,    Why Ile tell it you in French, Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride On her new married Husband.	52
56] <i>Dennis</i> 2	Let me fee, Saint <i>Dennis</i> be my speed Quan <i>France</i> et mon    <i>Kate</i> Dat is, when <i>France</i> is yours. <i>Harry</i> Et vous ettes amoy    <i>Kate</i> . And I am to you.	56
	<i>Harry</i> . Douck <i>France</i> ettes a vous <i>Kate</i> Den <i>France</i> fall be mine. <i>Harry</i> . Et le fuyues a vous <i>Kate</i> . And you will be to me	60
	<i>Har</i> Wilt beleeue me <i>Kate</i> ? tis easier for me To conquer the kingdome, / thē to speake so much More French /	64
68] <i>enough</i> 3.	<i>Kate</i> . A your Maiesty / has false <i>France</i> inough To deceiuē / de best Lady in <i>France</i> /	68
70] <i>But Kate</i> prethee tell me in &c 3 71] <i>I Dost thou</i> 3	<i>Harry</i> . No faith <i>Kate</i> not I / But <i>Kate</i> , In plaine termes, / do you loue me ? <i>Kate</i> I cannot tell. <i>Harry</i> No, can any of your neighbours tell ? Ile aske them    Come <i>Kate</i> , I know you loue me And soone when you are in your closet, Youle question this Lady of me. But I pray thee sweete <i>Kate</i> , vſe me mercifully, Because I loue thee cruelly.	72 76
	[See quarto ll. 35-6.]	

[p 93]

[col. 2]

176

will not part with a Village of it, I will haue it all mine and *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

*Kath* I cannot tell wat is dat.

180

*King*. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke off, *Ie quand sur le poffession de Fraunce, & quand vous aues le poffession de moy* (Let mee fee, what then? Saint *Dennis* bee my speede) *Donc rostire est Fraunce, & vous eftes mienne* It is as easie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as to speake so much more French I shall neuer moue thee in French, vnlesse it be to laugh at me.

188

*Kath*. *Sauf rostire honeur, le Francois ques vous parleis, il & meilieu que l' Anglois le quel Ie parle.*

189] *melius 3. 4*

192

*King*. No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy speaking of my Tongue, and I thine, most truely falsely, must needes be graunted to be much at one But *Kate*, doo'ft thou vnderstand thus much English? Canft thou loue mee?

196

*Kath*. I cannot tell.

200

*King*. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? Ile aske them. Come, I know thou louest me and at night, when you come into your Closet, you'l question this Gentlewoman about me, and I know, *Kate*, you will to her disprayse those parts in me, that you loue with your heart. but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather gentle Princeſſe, because I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou beest mine, *Kate*, as I haue a fauing Faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with skambling, and thou must therefore needes prove a good Souldier-breedere: Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint *Dennis* and Saint *George*, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe Enghish,

k that

203 a] om 3. 4

That I shall dye *Kate*, is sure  
 But for thy loue, by the Lord neuer  
 What Wench,  
 A straight backe will growe crooked  
 A round eye will growe hollowe.  
 A great leg will waxe small,  
 A culd pate proue balde  
 But a good heirt *Kate*, is the sun and the moone,  
 And rather the Sun and not the Moone  
 And therefore *Kate* take me,  
 Take a fouldier take a fouldier,  
 Take a King

80

84

88

[See quarto  
 ll. 31-3 ]

Therefore tell me *Kate*, wilt thou haue me?

92

[P. 94]  
[COL. I]

that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by the Beard Shall wee not? what sayst thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce

*Kate* I doe not know dat

212 *King*. No 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: doe but now promise *Kate*, you will endeauour for your French part of such a Boy, and for my English moytie, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer you, *La plus lelle Katherine du monde mon trescher & deuyn deffe*

216 *Kath.* Your Maiestee aue fause Frenche enough to deceiue de most sage Damoisel dat is en Fraunce

220 *King*. Now fye vpon my faliſe French by mine Honor in true Enghish, I loue thee *Kate*, by which Honor, I dare not fwear thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou dooſt, notwithstanding the poore and vntempering effect of my Visage Now beſhrew my Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuall Warres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stubborne outſide, with an aſpect of Iron, that when I come to woore Ladyes, I fright them but in faith *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appeare My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more ſpoyle vpon my Face Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt, and thou ſhalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better and therefore tell me, moſt faire *Katherine*, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Bluſhes, auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookeſ of an Emprefſe, take me by the Hand, and ſay, *Harry* of England, I am thine which Word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſſe mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry Plantaginet* is thine, who, though I ſpeake it before his

215] *Batcheler* 3, 4.219] *Damoisel* 3, 4.223] *doſt*, yet now- 3, 4.234 *your*] *thine* 3, 4.

93 *the] de 3.*

*Kate.* Dat is as please the King my father.  
*Harry.* Nay it will please him  
 Nay it shall please him *Kate*

96 *you] thee 3*

And vpon that condition *Kate* Ile kisse you

96

99 ] *fauor*

*Ka.* O mon du Ie ne voudroy faire quelke choffe  
 Pour toute le monde,  
 Ce ne poynt votree fachion en fouor

*Harry.* What faires she Lady?

101 ] *in 3*

*Lady.* Dat it is not de fasion en *France*,  
 For de maides, before da be married to  
 May foy ie oblye, what is to baffle?

[102—G 3]

103 ] *Ma 2*

*Har.* To kis, to kis. / O that tis not the  
 Fashion in *France*, / for the maydes to kis  
 Before they are married /

105 ] *France*

*Lady* Owye see votree grace

*Har.* Well, weeble breake that custome.

100

104

108

[p 94]  
[col. 1]

244

Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come your Answer in broken Musick, for thy Voyce is Musick, and thy English broken. Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*, breake thy minde to me in broken English, wilt thou haue me?

248

*Kath.* Dat is as it shall please *de Roy mon pere*

*King* Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please him, *Kate*

252

*Kath* Den it shall also content me

*King* Vpon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my Queene

256

*Kath* *Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse, may foy. Je ne veus point que vous allaisse vosire grandeurs, en laissant le main d'une nostre Seigneur indigne serviteur excuse moy. Je vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur*

260

*King* Then I will kisse your Lippes, *Kate*.

*Kath.* *Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baisee deuant leur nompce il net pas le costume de Fraunce*

264

*King* Madame, my Interpreter, what fayes shee?

*Lady* Dat it is not be de fashon pour le Ladies of Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buisse en English.

268

*King.* To kisse

*Lady* Your Maiestee entendre bettre que moy.

*King.* It is not a fashon for the Maids in Fraunce to kisse before they are marryed, would the say?

*Lady* Ouy verayment

272

*King* O *Kate*, nice Customes cursie to great Kings.

Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyft of a Countreyes fashon wee are the makers of Manners, *Kate*, and the libertie that follows our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashon of your

250] shall 3, 4.

254] grandeur,

256] supply

258] baise

261 *it*] om 3, 4 not to

be 4 fashon

262] what 4 English 3, 4

265] Is it 3, 4

Therefore *Kate* patience perforce and yeeld  
Before God *Kate*, you haue witchcraft  
In your kisles  
And may perswade with me more,  
Then all the French Councell.  
Your father is returned

112

Kings 3

*Enter the King of France, and  
the Lorde*

[p 94]  
[col 2]

276 Countrey, in denying me a Kynge therefore presently,  
and yeelding You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes,  
there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of  
them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell, and  
they shoulde sooner perswade *Hairy* of England, then a  
generall Petition of Monarchs Heere comes your  
280 Father.

*Enter the French Power, and the English  
Lords*

*Burg* God saue your Maiestie, my Royall Cousin,  
teach you our Princesse English?

284 *King* I would haue her learne, my faire Cousin, how  
perfectly I loue her, and that is good English

*Burg.* Is shee not apt?

288 *King.* Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition  
is not smooth so that hausing neyther the Voyce nor  
the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so coniure vp  
the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true  
likenesse

292 *Burg* Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer  
you for that If you would coniure in her, you must  
make a Circle if coniure vp Loue in her in his true  
likenesse, bee must appeare naked, and blinde Can you  
blame her then, being a Maid, yet ro'd ouer with the  
Virgin Crimson of Modeſtie, if shee deny the appearance  
of a naked blinde Boy in her naked ſeinge ſelſe? It were  
296 (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to conſigne  
to.

300 *King* Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind  
and enforces

*Burg* They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they ſee

285 *...]* o.n 3, 4296 *...]* *affurance* 3, 4

117] ordered 3.

How now my Lords?  
*France* Brother of England,  
We haue orerer the Articles,  
And haue agreed to all that we in fedule had

116

[P 94]

[COL. 2]

304

not what they doe.

*King.* Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to consent winking

308

*Burg.* I will winke on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

312

*King.* This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer, and so I shall catch the Flye, your Cousin, in the latter end, and shee must be blinde to

316

*Burg.* As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

320

*King* It is so and you may, some of you, thanke Loue for my blidness, who cannot see many a faire French Cite for one faire French Maid that stands in my way.

324

*French King* Yes my Lord, you see them perspectively the Cities turn'd into a Maid, for they are all gyrdled with Marden Walls, that Warre hath entred

*England* Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

305] corr. it to winking

312] less 3. 4

324 England] King

328

*France* So please you.

*England* I am content, so the Marden Cities you talke of, may wait on her so the Maid that stood in the way for my Wish, shall shew me the way to my Will

*France.* Wee haue consented to all tearmes of reason

332

*England* Is't so, my Lords of England?

*W<sup>e</sup>st* The King hath graunted euery Article  
His Daughter first, and in sequele, all,  
According to their firme proposed natures

334] and then in

*Eret.* Onely

119 *this to this 2*

*Eve* Only he hath not subscribed this,  
 Where your maestie demaunds,  
 That the king of *France* hauing any occasion  
 To write for matter of graunt,  
 Shall name your highneſſe, in this forme  
 And with this addition in French

120

125 *] d'Angleterre 3*

*Noſtre treſher filz, Henry Roy D'anglatere,*  
*E heare de France* And thus in Latin  
*Precarissimus filius noſter Henricus Rex Anglie,*  
*Et heres Francie*

124

127-8 *] Anghie Francie*  
3

*Fran* Nor this haue we so nicely stood vpon,  
 But you faire brother may intreat the ſame

128

*Har* Why then let this among the reſt,  
 Haue his full course And withall,  
 Your daughter *Katherine* in mariage

[133—G 3 v]

132

132 *] recourse 2*

*Fran* This and what elſe,  
 Your maestie ſhall craue  
 God that diſpoſeth all, gue you much ioy

[Fol ll. 359-60]

136

*Har* Why then faire *Katherine*,  
 Come gue me thy hand

139 *] mariage 3*

Our mariage will we preſent ſolemniſe,  
 And end our hatred by a bond of loue

140

[p 95]  
[COL. 1]

340      *Euet.* Onely he hath not yet subscribed this  
Where your Maiestie demands, That the King of France  
hauing any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shal  
name your Highnesse in this forme, and with this addi-  
340      on, in French *Nosire trescher filz Henry Roy d Angleterre*  
*Heretere de Fraunce.* and thus in Latine, *Præclarissimus*  
*Filius noster Henricus Rex Angliae & Heres Francæ*

344      *France.* Nor this I haue not Brother so deny'd,  
But your request shall make me let it passe  
*England.* I pray you then, in loue and deare alliance,  
Let that one Article ranke with the rest,  
And thereupon give me your Daughter

348      *France.* Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse vp  
Iffue to me, that the contending Kingdomes  
Of France and England, whose very shoares looke pale,  
With envy of each others happynesse,  
352      May cease their hatred, and this deare Comiunction  
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord  
In their sweete Bosomes. that neuer Warre aduance  
His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.

356      *Lords* Amen  
*King.* Now welcome *Kate* · and beare me witnesse all,  
That here I kisse her as my Soueraigne Queene  
    *Flourish.*

360      *Quee.* God, the best maker of all Marriages,  
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one  
As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue,  
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spousfall,  
That neuer may ill Office, or fell Iealousie,  
Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,  
365      Thrust in betweene the Pation of these Kingdomes,  
To make diuorce of their incorporate League  
That English may as French, French Englishmen,

[COL. 2]

365

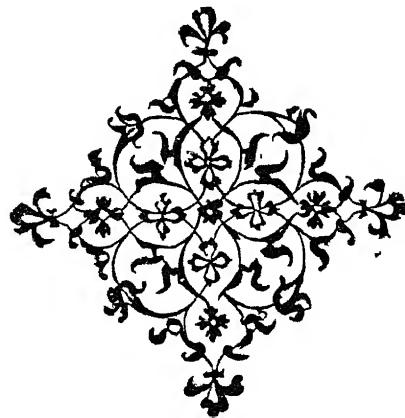
333 *xyj* om 3, 4340 ] *Rey'd 2, 3 Rey'd 4*353 ] *Neuer comyned*365 ] *Passion 3, 4*367 ] *Englysh men 3, 4*

142] v. 2 2

Then will I fweare to *Kate*, and *Kate* to mee  
And may our vowes once made, vnbroken bee

142

F I N I S.



[G 4]

[P 95]  
[col 2]

Receive each other God speake this Amen

*All Amen**King* Prepare we for our Marriage on which day,

My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath

372

And all the Peeres, for suretie of our Leagues

Then shall I fweare to *Kate*, and you to me,

And may our Oathes well kept and prosp'rou, be

*Senet.**Exeunt*

370 ~ e, om 3. 4

Sonet

*Enter Chorus*

Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,

Our bending Author hath purfu'd the Story,

In little roome confining mightie men,

4 Mangling by starts the full course of their glory

Small time but in that small, most greatly liued

This Starre of England Fortune made his Sword,

By which, the Worlds best Garden he atchieued

8 And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord

*Henry* the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King

Of France and England, did this King succeed

Whose State so many had the managing,

12 That they lost France, and made his England bleed

Which oft our Stage hath showne, and for their sake,

In your faire minds let this acceptance take

8 ] *Lord,*12.] *make*

F I N I S

[Triangular tail-piece as generally inserted in original whenever sufficient space is left ]

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